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# The Listener

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'Madame de Rendan', French School, c. 1550: from the loan exhibition of pictures and works of art from Petworth House, now at Wildenstein's, 147 New Bond Street, London, W.1 (see page 304)

In this number:

The Revolution in Strategy—II (Sir John Slessor)

Immanuel Kant: Philosopher of the Enlightenment (Karl R. Popper)

The Way to God Through Science (C. A. Coulson)



Assembling the component parts of a Mullard thyatron.



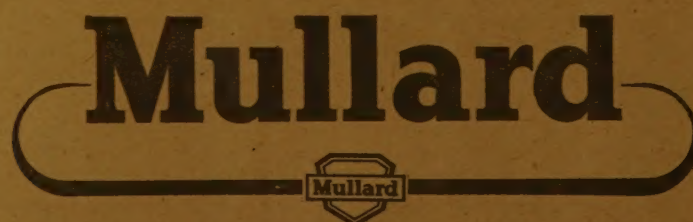
## PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

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# The Listener

Vol. LI. No. 1303

Thursday February 18 1954

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## The Case for a New Locarno

The second of two talks on 'The Revolution in Strategy' by SIR JOHN SLESSOR

IN my first talk\* I suggested that if Great Britain and the United States give first priority in our armed strength to the great deterrent of air power armed with the weapons of mass destruction, we may regard total war, as we have known it in the first half of this century, as a thing of the past. I said I thought we must retain a measure of defence as part of the deterrent and must guard against quite novel forms of attack—but that anything like complete over-all defence against modern air attack, while it might become scientifically possible, simply is not a practical economic proposition. And I reminded you that the near-sonic bombers and fighters of today will give way sooner or later—anyway, in the foreseeable future—to the unmanned bomber; that is, to the really long-range, controlled missile, and to the pilotless interceptor. I am asking you now to consider some of the practical strategic and political consequences of this stage in the evolution of human conflict.

If I am right in my argument, what are the implications? What is the shape of things to come? I think it is the 'long pull'—the continuation, perhaps for a generation or more, of the sort of rather uncomfortable world conditions we live in today: a prolonged absence of real peace yet at the same time the absence of all-out hostilities on a world-wide scale: in fact, the cold war, with Anglo-American air power to keep it cold—or at any rate to prevent it boiling over—and with the armies doing most of the dreary, dangerous, but desperately important sort of police work, all over the world, that we see them doing so patiently and bravely today. Not a particularly cheerful prospect: but it may not last as long as we sometimes think. Meanwhile, our policy should be the containment of militant communism and the gradual intensification of pressure to get it back within its own frontiers,

and keep it there. And perhaps, with the passage of time, and the intelligent exploitation of the world's natural resources by science and technology, communism may come to be regarded in other parts of the world as the Victorian anachronism which it is in our own country.

But the end of world war does not mean we have seen the last of all war—at any rate not yet. Let us hope we have seen the end of the fighting in Korea. But there may very well be other 'Koreas' in other parts of the world: relatively small, localised wars which it will be in the interest of the free world to isolate and keep localised, as it unquestionably paid us to do in Korea. And, in this kind of war, the main burden will again fall on the land forces—with air cover and support, as they had in Korea. I say that because I think they will be what Clausewitz called 'limited' wars; and air power, in its full sense, is an unlimited instrument. That is why it was not decisive in Korea. It was certainly not ineffective in Korea, as some of the more conservative critics have suggested. It was anything but ineffective: in fact, I think, at one point the United Nations would have been pushed into the sea without it. But it was limited in the objectives it was allowed to attack and the weapons it was allowed to use: I think rightly so. And so it will be in the other 'Koreas' of the future. Atomic air power cannot do everything. One must also have forces of a kind that can deal in a 'limited' way with what are, or should be, limited emergencies, like Korea or Indo-China. The real role of air power in these wars will be behind the scenes—to prevent their spreading.

Against that background, let us now consider air power in relation to a very live problem which the Berlin conference has signally failed to solve: the problem of a sovereign, reunited, and rearmed Germany. That raises a whole complex of questions and difficulties to which, as



experience in Berlin proved, it is extraordinarily hard to find answers. But there is one possible solution we ought to consider—in fact it may turn out to be the only one—and that lies in the application of air power. Let me try to explain.

In spite of the so-called General European Treaty of Collective Security that they produced in Berlin, I have a feeling that the Russians might really be only too glad to find a way out of this German impasse if they can find one which does not involve too much loss of face, and which meets anyway some of their requirements. Do not forget the real element of fear in the Russian make-up; it may seem fantastic, but it is not as fantastic as all that in the light of Russian history and what they suffered at Hitler's hands. They must realise now that their previous policy of holding the blunderbuss of 175 divisions and thousands of aircraft at the head of the free world has failed: it merely brought Nato into existence. They were pretty severely shaken by the events in Berlin and in some of the satellite states in June last year. And there are grounds for believing that all is not well within Russia, particularly on the food front. What the Americans call 'having the bear by the tail' is not a very comfortable position to be in, and the Kremlin may well be looking round for some way that will enable them to let go.

### Second Thoughts about Germany?

So it may not be altogether fanciful to suggest that the Russians may be coming round to the view that they must give up, or at any rate postpone, their object of gaining control of all Germany. They may even be beginning to wonder whether, instead of having to go on holding down in the satellites about 100,000,000 people, most of whom hate the sight of them, it would not be safer to have a *cordon sanitaire* of neutral, even if not very friendly, states between them and the west—a sort of extension of Sweden southwards to the Black Sea.

Molotov certainly lived up to his reputation in Berlin. But the Russians did suggest, and not for the first time, a unified, independent Germany with its own national forces. It is true that in Molotov's plan this so-called independent Germany would have a government including communist representatives from eastern Germany, and we all know what that means. And the 'limited contingents' of the occupying armies, which he suggested should remain in Germany during the elections, would be enough, in conjunction with the so-called 'People's Police' in the Soviet zone, to ensure that no really free elections could take place.

Nevertheless, I do not believe that is necessarily their last word—provided we in the west remain adamant on the free elections issue, as no doubt we shall; remain firmly united; and pursue a positive, constructive policy of our own. We cannot leave this problem of German unity where it is, hoping that in due course Russia will weaken and eastern Germany will somehow be won over to a Federal Republic firmly tied into the western defence orbit. That is too dangerous. As a propaganda move, Molotov's suggestion for a referendum on a choice between German unification on his terms and the indefinite prolongation of the partition of Germany, was not as inept as Russian propaganda often is. We must recognise that there is not the smallest chance of agreement by the normal civilised methods of international negotiation with the communists. So we must look round for a new approach. We should take the initiative and borrow something of their own technique of the *fait accompli*. When we offer them an agreement, it should be one the validity of which does not depend on their good faith; it should be more in the nature of a formal declaration of intent on our part, which they can take or leave as they like but which, if they do leave it, will make things as awkward for them as possible.

Let us try to restate the problem reduced to its simplest terms. It is to reconcile three essentials: the defence of western Europe against Russian aggression; the establishment of unity with freedom in Germany; and a safeguard against renewed German aggression in the future—and to do so in such a way as to give no reasonable grounds for Russian apprehensions. And let us make certain realistic assumptions to begin with, which I suggest should be (a) E.D.C. may well not materialise; (b) there is not the remotest chance of getting real free elections as long as the Red Army remains in the east of Germany; and (c) the Red Army will not withdraw from the east as long as British and American forces and French forces, as such, remain in the west.

In his speech in the Commons on May 11 last year, the Prime Minister said that, in thinking of this problem of Germany, the Treaty of Locarno had been in his mind with its simple two-way guarantee. I feel sure he is right, and that something on these lines is the only

possible solution. But a guarantee must have some sanction behind it to be any good. Unless we and the Americans are going to leave our forces there permanently, that sanction must be one that does not depend on their remaining indefinitely on continental soil.

And that can only be air power. The whole theme of these talks is that today no one will force a major war if he knows that to do so will bring down the annihilating force of atomic air power on his head. I believe that knowledge is a predominating factor in Soviet policy. Germany has better reason than anyone to know what air power could mean, even before the atom bomb; and the Germans must know that what it took us five years to do to them last time, we could do—and much more—in five days another time: and nothing could stop it.

How are we going to apply this factor to give effect to Sir Winston Churchill's Locarno idea? Many people have almost forgotten the Brussels treaty of 1948 between Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg. The key article of that treaty was Article 4, which was a reciprocal undertaking in the following words: 'If any of the parties should be the subject of an armed attack in Europe, the other parties will, in accordance with Article 51 of the U.N. Charter, afford the party attacked all military and other aid in their power'. Note that this provided not exclusively for attack by Russia, but any armed attack in Europe. I suggest that an extension of that treaty could be designed to provide safeguards as valid as any could be—certainly as firm as E.D.C. in its latest form—against renewed German aggression, whether against France, or against Poland to regain the lost territories, or against Russia. And Nato would remain in being as the only really effective means of giving effect to Article 4, in the least unlikely contingency: that of attack by Russia on Germany and the west.

As a first step, the Federal Republic, the United States, and Canada should adhere to the new Brussels treaty, which might have to be limited in duration to the same period as Nato, if that is essential in order to secure the agreement of Congress. And—here is the vital point—Britain and the United States should attach a protocol to their signatures affirming that, as far as they are concerned, those words, 'all military aid in their power', mean atomic air power. This protocol should contain a solemn undertaking that, in the event of aggression, the aggressor will be subjected to the full weight of Anglo-American air power, using the atom and in due course the hydrogen bomb. That phrase, 'all military aid in their power', has unfortunate associations: we used it to Poland in 1939 and it meant nothing, because there was no effective aid in our power. Surely in this new context, and with these new weapons, those words would have an immense significance. Then, as soon as this new extended Brussels treaty is signed, we should formally invite Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia to adhere to it. If they refuse (as they inevitably would in the first instance) we should say, 'All right, then you remain subject to its sanctions, but you don't get the advantage of its safeguards'.

At the same time, we should go ahead, raising and training such German forces as are agreed upon as necessary between the three Western Powers and the Federal Republic. And we should formally notify the Kremlin that as soon as those German forces are ready, perhaps in two or three years, we propose to withdraw the British and American forces from the continent of Europe and the French forces back into France. We should demand that the Russians should withdraw the Red Army into Russia at the same time; but should make it clear that we propose to withdraw whether the Russians do or not—except from Berlin, where we shall stay as long as they do—leaving the protection of Germany to the German forces under the guarantee of the new treaty. We might have to leave very small token forces in France or the Benelux area—the 'one British soldier' of Marshal Joffre. But we get out of Germany. The Federal Republic might undertake an obligation under the treaty that the present Soviet zone will be demilitarised, as soon and as long as the Red Army withdraws into Russia and stays there—not into Poland or Czechoslovakia, but behind the Russian frontier.

### Advantage of Initiative

There is a plan. I do not say it would work at once as far as Russia is concerned: it certainly would not. But it does seem to me to contain the great advantage of the initiative. We put it up to them, fair and square; offer them the same guarantee of their security as we claim for ourselves and our Allies; and put on them the onus of remaining in eastern Germany while we withdraw from the west, and of withholding a measure of security from their satellites which they would surely welcome if left to themselves. What the Russians would have to give



up is their dream of a communist Germany dominated by Moscow. They would not like it, but I believe they would find it increasingly hard to maintain their present position.

There is only one criticism I would like to forestall about my proposed Anglo-American guarantee. I do not envisage the bomber fleets taking off at the drop of a hat to slaughter millions of defenceless civilians by atom bombing their cities. The prototype on a tiny scale of what I have in mind was the method known as Air Control, which the R.A.F. exercised humanely and effectively in places like Iraq and the Indian frontier for years, between the wars. The object of Air Control operations was laid down in our pre-war *Manual* as follows: 'to interrupt the normal life of the enemy people to such an extent that the continuation of hostilities becomes intolerable': please note, to interrupt it, not to end it by slaughter. In no circumstances did we bomb without ample warning notice to the tribes to get their non-combatants away into safety. The fact that Russians and Germans and French are not primitive tribesmen has not escaped me. But, as a matter of fact, when we thought we were going to have to go to war at the time of the Czech crisis in 1938, we did draft a warning

notice for the Ruhr. The Americans actually dropped such notices in Japan in 1944. The conditions are different: the principle is the same.

I would apply that principle under this 'Air Locarno' guarantee. In a situation like, say, the Czech crisis of 1938, the first step would be a clear warning, in secret, that any attempt at a solution by force would bring the guarantee into operation. If that did not work, the next step would be open warning with every circumstance of publicity: the people concerned should be told clearly—by radio, and pamphlets dropped from the air—what will happen if their government uses force, and warned to evacuate a specified list of cities and other objectives. At the same time we should mobilise all our defences (if we had not already done so) and move the Bomber forces to war stations—and publish the fact that we were doing so. There are grave risks about this. But terrible perils are implicit in the situation I am discussing. And I am optimistic enough to find it difficult to persuade myself that in the face of this procedure, backed by the atom and the hydrogen bomb, anyone contemplating aggression would in fact persist in a course leading to their use.—*Third Programme*

## The Strange Case of Mr. Djilas

By GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. Balkans correspondent

THE leading subject of conversation in Yugoslavia in recent weeks has been the disgrace of Mr. Milovan Djilas. No topic has roused such lively discussion throughout the country, both inside and outside the Yugoslav Communist Party, since communist Yugoslavia was expelled from the Soviet world in 1948. Mr. Djilas, a Montenegrin, aged forty-two, is—or, rather, was—one of the small circle of leading Yugoslav communists closest to Marshal Tito, and he held high rank both in the party and the state. He had been minister in charge of all communist propaganda. He was one of the four vice-chairmen of the Federal Executive Council, headed by President Tito, which forms the Yugoslav Government. He only gave up this post, as required by law, to become President of the new People's Assembly, or communist parliament, an office to which he was unanimously elected on December 25. And yet, on January 17, only some three weeks later, Mr. Djilas was removed from all his party offices and given 'a final warning'. He was allowed to remain an

ordinary party member, but has since resigned his post as President of the Assembly and also his seat as a deputy.

What caused such a resounding fall from power? It was the result of a series of articles by Mr. Djilas which started to appear last November in the newspaper *Borba*, the organ of the Yugoslav Communist League, as the party is now called. Mr. Djilas had written many articles before, but these struck a note quite unfamiliar in Communist Yugoslavia, or indeed to any communist regime. For Mr. Djilas maintained with vigour that Yugoslavia needed more democracy, more freedom of elections, and more respect for law. He spoke of communists who, to use his own words, wanted to control everything from morals to stamp-collecting. He argued that although the bourgeoisie must still be suppressed, as a class, the bourgeois, as an individual, had the same legal rights as any other citizen. This in itself was strong medicine for a communist state, but Mr. Djilas went further. He proceeded to challenge the idea of a communist monopoly in



Milovan Djilas (left) at the meeting of the Yugoslav People's Assembly on December 25 when he was elected President. Right: Marshal Tito





Yugoslavia. No party or group today, wrote Mr. Djilas, can be the exclusive expression of the needs of a whole society. The demand of our time, he added, is to weaken the monopoly of political movements, 'especially in our case, in our socialism'.

Mr. Djilas did not advocate a western liberal society—indeed, he has often sharply attacked western ideas. He did not call for a system permitting rival political parties, nor did he question the leadership of President Tito in Yugoslavia. But he did criticise very strongly the organisation and working methods of the Yugoslav Communist Party. In its present form, he said, the party had reached a blind alley. He spoke of 'a futile search for a class enemy, with a candle in one hand'. The party, wrote Mr. Djilas, is separating itself from the socialist mass of citizens. The topics handed out for discussion, he said, have become stale and tedious, party meetings are often a waste of time, and why should they be held so often, and why should they be compulsory? Mr. Djilas also questioned the need for a political youth organisation, and expressed similar doubts about the Yugoslav trade unions.

### To Enable Communists to 'Play their Real Part'

Mr. Djilas added that he was voicing his personal opinion, not that of the party. Any talk about dissolving the Communist Party, he remarked, was absurd. But, as matters stood, communists could not play their real part. They must go forth as individuals, he said, to mix with the people, to make them conscious of a democracy expressed in practice, in civic and legal rights. In that case, Mr. Djilas went on, the present party would wither away, it would lose its attraction for what he called toadies and careerists, and it would become a really live and united movement.

These views, coming from a man so highly placed, caused a stir which can easily be imagined, all the more because they continued appearing for weeks on end without any sign of disapproval from Marshal Tito or any other party leader. In fact, many Yugoslav communists have since pleaded that they thought the Djilas articles must have been passed by higher authority and could be taken as directives. A very lively discussion arose throughout the country and was taken up in the Yugoslav press and radio. Many comments were published expressing agreement by Communist Party members with Mr. Djilas. From Croatia, for example, came a published letter signed 'Party member for twenty-nine years', saying that, with its present methods, the Communist Party was heading straight for the museum. In Bosnia and in Macedonia, local radio stations broadcast surveys of opinion which, they said, confirmed Mr. Djilas' views about mistakes in Communist Party methods. There were some party critics, however, who thought that Mr. Djilas had not paid enough attention to the practical problems, and was going too far and too fast.

At this point, Mr. Djilas proceeded to go even faster and farther. Early in January, the Belgrade monthly *Nova Misao*, or *New Thought*, published an article from his pen in which, under the transparent disguise of a story, he launched an attack on the wives of communists in high places. He accused them of boycotting a young opera singer newly married to a Yugoslav war hero, because she was not, like themselves, a veteran communist fighter. Although no names were given, it was generally believed that the article referred to the marriage of General Peko Dapcevic, Chief of the Yugoslav General Staff. General Dapcevic himself, while denying that there was any truth in the story, later agreed with this identification. Mr. Djilas alleged that the other communist wives had cast doubts on the morals of the newly married girl, because she was in the theatre. He maintained that the women who spread these stories were in no position themselves to talk about morals, and he spoke of them as a communist clique, living in a separate, luxurious world of seaside villas, large cars, and lavish eating and drinking.

This article may well have been the final straw. To understand the full shock of the Djilas onslaught, one has to remember that Yugoslavia is ruled by a Communist Party, headed by Marshal Tito, which still holds an absolute monopoly of power and tolerates no opposition. Party and state are tightly interwoven and every position of importance is in communist hands. Marshal Tito is Secretary-General and chief of the Communist Party, on the one hand, and President of the Republic, head of the Government, and supreme commander of the armed forces, on the other.

Every minister, every high official, is also an important party member. In each of Yugoslavia's six republics, right down to the villages, the people who make decisions are also the local chiefs of the party. The police and the army are entirely in communist hands, and so are the

trade unions and every other organised branch of life. The question was whether, in such a communist dictatorship, Mr. Djilas would—or could—be allowed to go on.

And the answer was not long delayed. First, on January 9, came a statement by the party's Executive Committee, the small inner cabinet to which Mr. Djilas himself belonged, repudiating his articles and saying that his case would be considered by the Central Committee. The Central Committee is a larger body, numbering just over 100 leading communists, which acts as a kind of advisory council, or party sounding-board. It has been specially summoned before to approve big decisions, such as the breach with Moscow, and on January 16 it met in Belgrade, with Marshal Tito in the chair and Mr. Djilas in the dock. Some Yugoslav journalists were admitted, and the Yugoslav press and radio gave full reports of the meeting.

Marshal Tito spoke first, as the party leader. He said that the party leadership must accept some of the blame for the fact that reactions against the Djilas articles had not come earlier. He added that he had told Djilas last autumn, when discussing some earlier Djilas articles, that he, Tito, did not agree with some of their points, but that Djilas should go on writing. Marshal Tito said that he read the later Djilas articles only in December, and then, he said: 'I saw that Comrade Djilas had gone much too far'. It was true, Marshal Tito went on, that one could find in the articles some things which he, Tito, had himself already said, but he had never said that the process described by Mr. Djilas could take place in a few months or years. Mr. Djilas was not preaching a new, socialistic democracy, but an abstract kind which meant anarchy, democracy for the sake of democracy, democracy, Marshal Tito alleged, of the western kind.

Marshal Tito claimed that Mr. Djilas had forgotten the working class and its leading role in Yugoslavia. He had fallen under western influence. He had ignored the hard struggle the Communist Party was making to develop a progressive social system in Yugoslavia, and was knocking on 'an open door'. According to Djilas, said Marshal Tito, there was no longer a class enemy in Yugoslavia, but the publication of his articles had shown how dangerous those enemies were, and had revealed their existence even in the Communist Party.

One member of the Central Committee after another then rose to attack Mr. Djilas. Mr. Kardelj, who is generally regarded as Tito's right-hand man, gave a lengthy theoretical analysis in which he argued that Djilas had taken his views from anti-marxist sources and that his ideas would have led to the creation of rival groups. Mr. Mosha Pijade, who has now replaced Mr. Djilas as President of the Assembly, attacked Djilas personally, as well as his ideas. Only one man spoke up in defence of Mr. Djilas, and that was Mr. Vladimir Dedijer, whose biography of Marshal Tito recently appeared in Yugoslavia and in many foreign countries. Mr. Dedijer was also attacked after his intervention. Mr. Djilas himself rose to reject Mr. Dedijer's defence. He did not accept all the remarks against him, but he said that he now realised, that, if he had gone on, he would have become leader of the opposition to Tito in Yugoslavia. After the discussion in the committee, said Mr. Djilas, nothing remained of his theories. He was ready, he said, to accept any punishment for his mistakes, and he thought he deserved to be expelled from the party.

### 'Lenient' Treatment

In the end, the Central Committee agreed to expel him from all his party functions, but allowed him to remain a party member. He was not arrested or gaoled, and his treatment, compared with communist purges elsewhere, might be considered lenient. Mr. Djilas has lost his platform and the discussion of his ideas has been replaced by a stream of resolutions, from all over the country, condemning his ideas. Marshal Tito himself said, however, that those ideas had done enormous harm to the unity of the party and of the country, and he usually weighs his words. Mr. Djilas had previously taken a leading part in contacts between Yugoslav communism and socialist movements in other countries, and his fall must therefore have some effect on moderate opinion abroad. Marshal Tito also expressed great concern about the influence of western ideas inside Yugoslavia. He has said that Yugoslav communism is already developing a better kind of democracy, an economic democracy expressed in workers' management and local self-government. But the case of Mr. Djilas has perhaps brought into sharper focus the question whether this formula for democracy, shaped and controlled by the Yugoslav Communist Party, will prove adequate in a country in which history has shown a long and stubborn attachment to freedom.—*General Overseas Service*



# After the Failure in Berlin

By MICHAEL CURTIS

**T**HE only proposal that has been accepted quickly and unanimously by the four Foreign Ministers in Berlin was the decision to end their discussions. What a disappointment it has all been! Three long weeks of earnest, yet by no means unfriendly, debate, and virtually nothing to show for it.

It was interesting how readily Mr. Molotov agreed to end the conference. When you remember how reluctant the Russians were to have these talks at all, it does rather suggest that the Soviet Union's policy is simply to keep things as they are. Again, that is not altogether surprising, and I certainly do not think we have any special reason for alarm at the way things have gone. Berlin has been a disappointment, but not really a tragedy. In my view, the significance of Mr. Molotov's tactics at Berlin was that he did not seem to try to produce a solution which stood the least chance of appealing to anyone on the western side. For instance, the old, old suggestion that Russian troops should withdraw from east Germany, and that American, British, and French forces should leave west Germany, has never been accepted by us because it would weaken our position much more than the Russian position. The Russians would withdraw only a few hundred miles into Poland; America would have to retreat 3,000 miles across the Atlantic.

## Proposal for Fifty-year Treaty

The same objection applied to Mr. Molotov's proposal for a fifty-year treaty of European Collective Security. The very first clause of this treaty would prohibit 'the formation of groups of European states directed against the others'. That sounds reasonable enough, but think what it would mean. All previous attempts to secure co-operation in western Europe would presumably have to be scrapped. The Brussels Treaty, the Council of Europe, the Coal and Steel Pool, E.D.C., and Nato—all these would be superseded. Not that they are aimed against anyone: they are simply the result of our determination to resist the kind of take-over bids which enabled Russia to swallow Rumania, Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, one after the other, after the war. Finally, this fifty-year treaty would reduce America to the status of an 'observer' in Europe. Molotov certainly cannot have expected us to accept that? It would leave us virtually defenceless against the armed might of Soviet Russia and her communist satellites.

I am not saying that it would not be very desirable to create conditions in which the presence of American bases and American troops in western Europe would be unnecessary. Ask any American G.I. and he would agree with you. But those conditions simply do not exist. It is not only Russian dislike of American troops which is preventing agreement in Europe. It is our distrust of communist intentions. Another mutual security pact would not diminish our distrust of the Russians—any more than it would lessen Russian distrust of us. We already have a treaty with Russia: so has France. Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles promised to extend and broaden these guarantees of our peaceful intentions in any way Mr. Molotov desired. But Mr. Molotov was obdurate. He stuck to his brief even to the extent of refusing to settle the Austrian Treaty after the west had given way on all the remaining points at issue—another sign that Russia wants to leave things as they are.

That is how the Berlin conference looked to us—a sad business altogether. But obviously it is only fair to recognise that, from Moscow's point of view, Mr. Dulles, Mr. Eden, and M. Bidault were unyielding too. They would argue that the western proposals for free elections and a united Germany would involve a very large risk for Russia that Germany would move, bag and baggage, into the western camp. The Russians have a healthy respect for German power; they have not forgotten Stalingrad. The prospect of Germany joining the west must have seemed as dangerous to them as the prospect of America leaving Europe did to us. So Molotov said 'No'. And the west has not yet budged an inch on Communist China. They will think about negotiating with China when the Korean war is settled, not before, said Mr. Dulles.

For Russia the advantages of persuading the west to accept China as one of the 'Big Five' are of immense psychological importance. If

that were to happen, Russia would no longer be alone in the United Nations and in big international conferences. She would have the active support of the largest power in Asia. So this time Mr. Dulles, Mr. Eden, and M. Bidault said 'No'—and Molotov, in his turn, must have been disappointed—but not very surprised. So it went on: each side, for perfectly logical reasons, stuck to its original brief. There was a little give-and-take here and there, but nothing of any real consequence.

So where do we go now? I will not attempt to deal here with the question of German rearmament. But the apparent failure of this Berlin conference should not be a pretext for throwing up our hands and saying 'It's no use, it's not worth even trying to get an agreement with the Russians'. What I think the Berlin talks have shown is that *at this time* there is no chance of getting agreement on the big issues which divide us. But at least, after seven empty years, we have re-established contact. We have heard each other's point of view, and maybe discovered the reasons for it.

The task of our diplomatists now is to look for alternatives. There is probably no alternative, from our point of view, to the North Atlantic Treaty, which is the basis of our foreign policy. But if there are other ways of meeting Russia without sacrificing our vital interests, we should certainly go on looking for them. For instance, Sir John Slessor in a broadcast\* made some extremely interesting suggestions which do at least offer an alternative to the European Army plans if they should fail to be accepted by the French. Sir John Slessor—and he is a Marshal of the Royal Air Force—would also be prepared to meet the Russians to the extent of withdrawing our troops from western Germany, once Germany herself had built up her own army.

I am not at all sure I like the look of this proposal, which rests on a system of mutual security agreements based on the ultimate sanction of the atom bomb. I do not myself feel that this really solves the German problem. In particular, it leaves the future of eastern Germany unresolved. But at the same time it provides western Germany with an army which might one day be used by extremists to achieve German unity by force. However, though I do not entirely agree with Sir John Slessor, it is at least a fresh approach: and I am sure that we have got to be prepared to examine any alternatives.

Whatever we decide, let us not forget that Russia's great strength in diplomacy is her boundless, almost oriental patience. The Russians are always prepared to wait. A little of that patience and resolution would not come amiss in the handling of our affairs during the next few years.

—Home Service

The main part of the *Survey of International Affairs for 1938*, Vol. 3 by R. G. D. Laffan and others (Oxford, 55s.) covers the story of Czechoslovakia from the Munich agreement of September 30, 1938, to the occupation of Prague on March 15, 1939. The other sections deal respectively with north-eastern Europe (*i.e.*, in the main, Poland and Lithuania) up to the latter date; with the U.S.S.R. in 1938; with the Balkan States in 1938; and with the rearmament of Great Britain, France, and Germany down to Munich. The volume is probably the best which Chatham House has yet issued. Journalists and in general those to whom speed is of prime importance will doubtless complain at having been kept waiting so many years for it; but those to whom completeness and accuracy matter most will feel themselves more than compensated by the knowledge that the authors of at least the greater part of the book have been able to draw on all or nearly all of the important material which is ever likely to see the light; for it is not probable that many more big collections of documents, nor many more individual narratives of major importance, are still to come. As to the use which the various authors have made of the vast mass of material at their disposal, it is in almost all cases entirely admirable. Mr. Laffan is, as always, scrupulously accurate, admirably clear, and rigidly impartial. His is a truly remarkable piece of work, and his coadjutors are not far behind him; the lapses into emotionalism and exhibitionism to which this series had in recent years become increasingly prone are not entirely absent from this volume, but enormously diminished. In short, this volume, together with Vols 1 and 2, give practically everything, except perhaps the details of rearmament in other important countries, which anyone could need to know on the period which they cover.



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Hopes dashed in Berlin

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

## A Great Philosopher

TO celebrate the 150th anniversary of the death of one of the world's great philosophers may be accepted as a suitable thing to do—even by those to whom the particular philosopher's theories are largely unintelligible and to whom academic philosophy in general is *terra incognita*. In the case of Immanuel Kant, however, the least instructed may take heart. Dr. Karl Popper's masterly exposition (should one say condensation?) of Kant's philosophical theories is to be found on another page in this number and must surely be a shining example of the art of clarifying the obscure. Professional philosophers will of course long ago have had Kant 'placed', docketed, pigeon-holed—what you will. We shall be told by the schoolmen that Kant's philosophy has been developed, profoundly modified, even rendered out of date. Must we conclude, then, that his philosophy, like the man himself, long since dead and buried, has nothing useful to say to this generation, no message to the world of 1954? Such an assumption in the light of Dr. Popper's talk would be unwarranted.

In the first place it is clear that Kant dealt not only with theories of knowledge and thought but also in some sense with the practicalities of life. When he declared, for example, that the moral law bids you act as if the principle by which you act were about to be turned into a universal law of nature, and do all in your power to promote the highest good of all human beings, he was at least moving in a sphere of philosophy that the layman could regard as meaningful. Philosophy, in other words, still bore its traditional connotation: it had not transferred itself to the sphere of logomachy. Because it was concerned with man's duty and with his place in society it was not considered to be outmoded—as in some quarters is apparently the case today. In suggesting that metaphysics placed religion and morality outside the province of knowledge and in the region of faith, and that for the world to be guided by a moral law implied the existence of a moral Master, Kant was addressing himself to a problem that had and still has the utmost significance for all of us.

On the nature of Kant's message, it may not be irrelevant to stress the point that he lived a well-ordered eighteenth-century life (it is said that there was no need for a clock in his neighbourhood: you could tell the time by the regularity of his movements, the hour at which he went out for a walk, and so on) and that his thought, more especially on scientific matters, was unconditioned by the kind of circumstances—and prospects—that we of the mid-twentieth century are all familiar with. To cross-examine nature, to look upon experimental science as a human creation, may, as Dr. Popper suggests, be a wonderful philosophical find. It also creates a context in which to some the word Nemesis may occur—'that recoil of Nature' as Emerson called it. However, in the realm of pure philosophy, as in many other realms, conclusions may sometimes have to be modified or changed by considerations which lie beyond that realm: more simply, circumstances alter cases. Can it be doubted that the existentialist, for example, is very much the product of his time? Yet in his moral formulations—'always regard every man as an end in himself, and never use him merely as a means to your ends'—Kant, it may be claimed, was ahead not only of his own time but also of ours. So it is that there are some figures in history whose stature towers above all modes and fashions. Shakespeare is an obvious case in point: the sublimity of his poetry, his profound knowledge of men and of the promptings and vagaries of the human heart made him a possession for all time. It is some indication of Kant's stature that Dr. Popper mentions him in the same breath as Socrates.

LAST WEEK BROADCASTS from the communist world—following a uniform pattern—praised Mr. Molotov's proposals at the Berlin conference, condemned Mr. Eden's plan on Germany and accused the western Foreign Ministers of showing 'obvious unwillingness to find ways for overcoming the difficulties' in the way of a settlement. Most western commentators, on the other hand, approved the stand taken by the western Foreign Ministers in face of Mr. Molotov's various proposals. From Yugoslavia, *Borba* was quoted as saying that Soviet foreign policy, as outlined by Mr. Molotov, continued to be a potential threat to world peace; his proposals for a general European collective security pact without the United States, it added, was a move calculated to strengthen Soviet influence in Europe.

From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

The Soviet Foreign Minister knows, of course, that the west's desire for agreement is such that Messrs. Dulles, Eden and Bidault cannot give up trying until every last shred of hope has been lost. He knows, too, that as long as he prolongs the Berlin meeting, the longer will France continue to remain outside E.D.C. These are important advantages, and he is employing them to the limit. But it would be well if he remembered that there are bounds even to western patience. If his only purpose in Berlin is to make propaganda, then the west is not compelled indefinitely to give him the finest of all forums for that activity.

The newspaper hoped that the discussion of the last item on the agenda, the Austrian treaty, might possibly bring 'at least one faint break in the gloomy clouds hanging over the Berlin conference'. But such a hope was soon dashed with Mr. Molotov's opening speech, in which, *inter alia*, he demanded the continued occupation of Austria even after a treaty. Commentators in the United States and western Europe saw in this new Soviet proposal, as Mr. Dulles said, 'a pretext to justify the continuing Soviet occupation of Hungary and Rumania'.

By the end of the third week of the conference, most western commentators seemed resigned to the impossibility of a compromise between Russia and the west in Europe and confirmed in the view that the post-Stalin rulers in the Kremlin had not undergone any change of heart. At the same time, not all of them regarded the conference as fruitless: the chances of France ratifying E.D.C. were now regarded as much more favourable, and many western commentators congratulated M. Bidault for his stand at the conference. Communist commentators, on the other hand, alleged that France was not conducting her own free policy in Berlin. Thus, an east German broadcast, quoting a speech to factory workers by Oelsner, claimed that while Molotov has behind him 1,000,000,000 peace-loving people,

Herr Bidault, in supporting E.D.C., is speaking in the name, not of the French people, but merely of the French arms industry . . . While Herr Eden and Herr Bidault show . . . no willingness to reach an understanding with the U.S.S.R. . . . leading British and French business representatives . . . are negotiating deals with the U.S.S.R. in Moscow.

In France, almost the whole press was unanimous in supporting the three western Foreign Ministers in their rejection of Mr. Molotov's plan for a collective security treaty among all European countries. *Le Parisien Libre* was quoted as describing it as an offensive against the Atlantic Pact. The socialist paper *Le Populaire* said that Mr. Molotov was asking the western countries to give up all their defensive preparations and unite with the very countries which have been the cause of their sense of insecurity. The left-wing independent *Franc-Tireur* said, however, that it was not enough to reject the plan: the west should put forward counter-proposals of their own for a security plan. In the United States, the *Philadelphia Enquirer* was quoted as describing Mr. Molotov's plan as 'impudent, preposterous, and impossible': a proposal by which the west would divide itself and make Soviet aggression easy and inevitable. In western Germany, *Der Tag* said that the plan constituted an effort to dispel insecurity by outright capitulation.

From Sweden, *Morgen-Tidningen* was quoted as saying that the Molotov plan would allow Russia not only to keep the territory she holds in central and south-east Europe, but would also open the way for her conquest of the rest of Europe. The Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* consider that Russia's constant attacks against the Atlantic Pact because it is a bar to aggression provide the greatest justification for its continued existence. From Yugoslavia, *Politika* was quoted as saying that if a European security pact were to have any value, the states now under Soviet domination would have to be given back their independence.



# Did You Hear That?

## A NEW BIT OF BRITAIN

'IT IS 165 FEET UP from Middlesbrough to the steel platform which runs across the Tees above the transporter bridge—and it is worth every ounce of the effort', said GUY PHILLIPS in 'The Northcountryman'. 'When you have reached the top and thankfully step from the open lattice-work staircase on to the platform, you look over, I suppose, 200 square miles of land and sea.

'One Sunday morning recently I climbed that long staircase till I was among the flocks of starlings and got their bird's-eye view, looking down on Middlesbrough, the busy shipping of the river beneath my feet, the docks and wharves and warehouses. The whole area was spread out like a contour map come alive, like a picture out of Hans Andersen.

'But that map has changed. All the printed maps of Teesside are wrong now. For down river, on the Durham side, I could see a bit of Britain that is brand new. Britain has expanded by pushing back the sea.

'The story began in 1930, when the Tees Conservancy Commission drove a wooden wall from near Port Clarence, at the northern end of the transporter, for a mile and a half into the estuary and cut off a slice of the Seal Sands. These sands are the haunt of thousands upon thousands of wild birds and dozens of what have been called "wild bird-watchers". I saw three pairs of wild swans there. Black groups of cormorants and shags stand about like vultures. Every kind of gull is there in legions. It is a triangular piece of these Seal Sands that the Commissioners cut off from the sea.

'It is the Commissioners' job to keep the shipping channel clear, and they dredge up from it enormous quantities of sand, silt and clay. This is put into big carrier-craft, and up to 1931 it was all towed six miles out to sea and dumped there. That cost a great deal.

'So the Commissioners acquired a sort of giant, floating vacuum cleaner and installed it by the wooden wall of the triangle. They brought the barges alongside, and it sucked the silt and sand and clay out of them and pumped it over the wall, mixed with water, like black soup. The soup spread all over the triangle, the water drained away and the sediment was left.

'I went on board that floating vacuum cleaner. A barge, full almost to the brim with liquid mud, came alongside looking for all the world like a tureen. The skipper in command of the vacuum cleaner pulled a lever, and down into the mud went a thing like a dinosaur's foot with claws that were huge water-jets. He turned a wheel, the jets went on and the tureen was filled with turmoil. Just as it was about to overflow, down came the dinosaur's snout—a suction pipe two feet across—and I watched astonished as the level dropped before my eyes.

'That snout emptied the barge in twenty minutes. It pumps at the rate of 400 tons of solid—not counting the water—per hour. Some 13,000,000 cubic yards of muck from the river bed were pumped on to the triangle. The level of the ground started off seven feet below high-water mark. Now it is six feet above it and as flat as a billiards table. A clear 246 acres of land have been added to the north-east coast of Britain.

'That land is ready for use. The vacuum cleaner—in official language the reclamation plant—has been moved to the other side of the



The new and the old: one of Blackpool's latest trams—

river, at Teesport, and is already filling in another slice of sea. Later on, years from now, it may come back to the Durham side to deal with the remaining 1,650 acres of the Seal Sands, slice by slice'.

## THE MAN WHO COLLECTS TRAMS

'I cannot remember now quite how we got round to the subject', said FRED FERRIS in the North of England Home Service, 'but I know I asked him what it was that had attracted him to Roker for a holiday. Without any hesitation at all, he said, "I came here to see the trams".

'Tramcars were his hobby. And he had come to Roker, as he had said, to look at the trams and to take their photographs—because, it seemed, the days of the tramcars in Sunderland were numbered. They were continuing to run, at that time, only on two routes, and by November they would have been replaced by buses.

'A tram would go bowling past the house on its way to Seaburn or back from Seaburn to Sunderland.

In the couple of seconds it took to pass our window I would just about manage to see that it was a tram. But not so my friend: he would say, "Ye see that one. Yon's number 38. That was built for Huddersfield in 1931 and sold to Ilford in Essex in 1938 and Sunderland bought it from them in 1948. They've got two like that, number 38 and number 42. Now, that one, just going the other way, number 18—they bought that from Bury in 1939, but they've altered it slightly".

"Have they always bought other towns' second-hand trams?" I asked. "Oh, no", he said. "They've had some built specially to their own design. Now, number 72, going by now—that's one of their own. One of six they got just before the war". "How can you tell?" I asked. "They all look alike to me". "Ach, but they're not",



—and a tram of 1883 at Kew Bridge



he said. "They're all different. They all have some distinctive feature. Some have square fronts, some have round. The platform's different. The seating's different. The windows . . . so many variations".

'Trams, to him, had personality. He said so in as many words. And before he had finished he had almost convinced me they had. He had no time for buses—soulless things, he thinks, buses. He does not think trams have had their day—by no means. He says there is a great future for them. Trams are cheaper to run—they last longer. In his opinion the go-ahead towns are those who are extending and modernising their tram services—like Leeds and Blackpool. He knew everything about *their* trams, too. He told me a lot about Liverpool's trams—and about Dundee's. Dundee, it appeared, could do with articulated trams to negotiate the sharp turnings in the narrower streets. Egyptian trams, Belgian trams, he knows them all. The year before, he had been to Hamburg for a holiday, specially to see their new post-war trams. He certainly knew his stuff, when it came to trams.

'But he was not altogether enjoying his holiday in Roker and Sunderland. He had a secret worry, he told me. It seemed he had recently bought a tram, yes, bought one for himself—from the Tramways Department at Glasgow, where he lived. I think he said it was originally built in 1904, but for some years past it had been converted and used as a sort of break-down vehicle. Now, being no longer of any service to the Corporation it was to be scrapped—like a worn-out horse, sold for slaughtering. This touched his heart. After getting a comparative valuation from a friend in the transport department at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he had bought the Glasgow veteran, to save it from destruction and to preserve it as a relic, for the sum of £35. And now he was worried, lest, while he was away from home on holiday, it should be delivered to his mother and she, poor soul, confronted with a tramcar at her front door, would not know what to do with it'.

### TRACING OIL POLLUTION BY ENVELOPES

Speaking of the menace of oil pollution both to dwellers by the sea and to many birds in a talk in the General Overseas Service IVOR JONES, a B.B.C. reporter, said:

'As one immediate step, a committee representing the Government and the oil and shipping industries proposed last summer that ships registered in the United Kingdom should be forbidden to discharge persistent oils in a wide area of sea extending west from the British Isles for some 1,300 miles into the Atlantic, and including the Bay of Biscay. It is from this zone that pollution is most likely to reach British coasts and also those of many other west European countries.

'A week after the report had been published the organisations representing British shipowners announced that they accepted this—and other recommendations—in principle, and would act on it of their own accord. Since then the Ministry of Transport—or rather, the Government—has set about calling the kind of international conference the committee had in mind. And it has also started an investigation of the currents and winds at sea that carry oil from the Atlantic and the Western Approaches to the shores of western Europe.

'For this purpose it is working with the National Institute of Oceanography, which in turn has called in the Royal Air Force. And their joint efforts are likely for some time to come to provide beachcombers with a harvest very different from driftwood and coal and odds and ends of cargo that make up their usual haul. Because during this investigation a total of 10,000 buoyant plastic envelopes will be dropped out at sea, and for every one that is washed ashore and found the Institute will pay a half-crown—or its equivalent in the currency of the country where it lands.

'This experiment is the most important of its kind ever carried out from Britain. So far, four aircraft have been involved in it—two Shackletons flying from the R.A.F. station at Ballykelly in Northern Ireland, and two

Sunderland flying boats based at Pembroke Dock in South Wales. I went to Pembroke Dock to hear the air crews given their operational briefing. We were shown the envelopes. They are transparent, and inside could be seen the instructions—printed in eight languages—and the post-card questionnaire that people finding them on the shore are asked to fill in and send to the National Institute of Oceanography. They are being dropped hundreds of miles out at sea, along carefully chosen tracks—flung from the aircraft in bundles of ten, wrapped in sticky paper that will come apart in the water and leave the envelopes floating free. To make sure they do not sink, even if they are pecked by great sea-birds, these envelopes also include wafers of cork. A bundle of ten is being thrown out every ten miles; and in a Sunderland that is about one every four minutes.

'The first batches of envelopes were dropped on these complicated courses far out at sea. A record was kept of where each of them was thrown out of the aircraft; and when eventually some of them are posted back to the Institute—in a few weeks' time—it will be possible to plot how they travelled, carried by the wind and currents. If the safe dumping zone really does exist, presumably few or no envelopes will turn up from there. This experiment will go on for a whole year, with fresh drops every three months. And this will provide a guide of how the drift of the sea surface varies from season to season'.

### UNAPPRECIATED STAFF WORK

'A certain Admiral at a certain moment was the hero of his country', recalled FRANK BIRCH in a Home Service talk, speaking of the first world war. 'He had won a famous victory. A few days later he had lunch with a few of us and told us of the first decent meal for days that he had had in his flagship on returning to base. They had made the most of it. His Chief of Staff kept on reminding him that his official report must be sent off that evening. To the Admiral it seemed a poor thing that such tidings should travel prosaically by 'plane and train and taxi to be handed over obscurely in the bowels of the Admiralty. How much better in the old days, when the messenger would gallop by night and by day until, exhausted and mud-splashed, he clattered down Whitehall on his steaming steed, swerved into Admiralty courtyard, flung himself to the ground and presented his despatches to the Lord High Admiral standing on the top step. "It would take too long", said the Chief of Staff. The Admiral compromised. "Very well", he said, "plane and train let it be, but he needn't take a taxi. He can get on a horse at St. Pancras".

"I could get you a horse, sir", piped up a young staff officer, "I've got a brother in the Mounted Police". "Get him on the telephone", said the Admiral. The officer came back. "He says, what sort of a horse would you like, sir". The Admiral finally decided on a roan. He wasn't quite sure what it was, but it sounded romantic. "But it's no good, sir", said someone else. "The officer will be all fresh and tidy, and so will the horse".

'However, they got over that difficulty. There was an old and well-known doorkeeper at the north-west entrance to Admiralty. He would heat up some water in a couple of fire buckets and stir in some mud. Then, if the officer came via the Mall, the contents could be flung over him and his horse as they went by—and there they would be, as bespattered and steaming as you could wish. By the end of the meal it was all in the bag.

"I don't think the First Sea Lord will like it", said the Chief of Staff. "Nonsense", said the Admiral. "He'll love it. Tell him on the telephone". The Chief of Staff came back. "He wants to speak to you", he said. The Admiral went light-heartedly. "Hullo", he said. "Good idea, isn't it!" There was a pause at the other end. Then: "You must be drunk", said the First Sea Lord. "And", concluded the Admiral, beaming at us round the table, "I suppose we were".



An R.S.P.C.A. inspector searching for sea-bird victims of oil pollution on a Suffolk beach



# Philosopher of the Enlightenment

KARL R. POPPER on Immanuel Kant

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, Immanuel Kant died, having spent the eighty years of his life in the Prussian provincial town of Königsberg. For years his retirement had been complete, and his friends intended a quiet burial. But this son of an artisan was buried like a king. When the rumour of his death spread through the town, the people flocked to his house, demanding to see him. On the day of the funeral, the life of the town was at a standstill. The coffin was followed by thousands, while the bells of all the churches tolled. Nothing like this had ever before happened in Königsberg, say the chroniclers.

It is difficult to account for this astonishing upsurge of popular feeling. Was it due solely to Kant's reputation as a great philosopher and a good man? It seems to me that there was more in it than this; and I suggest that, in the year 1804, under the

absolute monarchy of Frederick William, those bells tolling for Kant carried an echo of the American and French revolutions—of the ideas of 1776 and 1789. I suggest that, to his countrymen, Kant had become an embodiment of these ideas. They came to show their gratitude to a teacher of the Rights of Man, of equality before the law, of world citizenship, of peace on earth, and, perhaps most important, of emancipation through knowledge.

Most of these ideas had reached the Continent from England, in the form of a book published in 1732. I mean Voltaire's *Letters about the English*. In this book Voltaire contrasts English constitutional government with Continental absolute monarchy; English religious toleration with the attitude of the Roman Church; and the explanatory power of Newton's cosmology and of Locke's analytic empiricism with the dogmatism of Descartes. Voltaire's book was burnt; but its publication marks the beginning of a philosophical movement—a movement whose peculiar mood of intellectual aggressiveness was little understood in England, where there was no occasion for it.

Sixty years after Kant's death, these same English ideas were being presented to the English as a 'shallow and pretentious intellectualism': and ironically enough, the English word 'Enlightenment', which was then used to name the movement started by Voltaire, is still beset by this connotation of shallowness and pretentiousness; this, at least, is what the *Oxford English Dictionary* tells us. I need hardly add that no such connotation is intended when I use the word 'Enlightenment'.

Kant believed in the Enlightenment. He was its last great defender. I realise that this is not the usual view. Whilst I see Kant as the defender of the Enlightenment, he is more often taken as the founder of the school which destroyed it—of the Romantic School of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. I contend that these two interpretations are incompatible.

Fichte, and later Hegel, tried to appropriate Kant as the founder of their school. But Kant lived long enough to reject the persistent advances of Fichte, who proclaimed himself as Kant's successor and heir. In *A Public Declaration Concerning Fichte*, which is too little known, Kant wrote: 'May God protect us from our friends. . . . For there are fraudulent and perfidious so-called friends who are scheming for our ruin while speaking the language of good-will'. It was only after Kant's death, when he could no longer protest, that this world-citizen was successfully pressed into the service of the nationalistic Romantic School, in spite of all his warnings against romanticism,

sentimental enthusiasm, and *Schwärmerei*. But let us see how Kant himself describes the idea of the Enlightenment:

Enlightenment is the emancipation of man from a state of self-imposed tutelage . . . of incapacity to use his own intelligence without external guidance. Such a state of tutelage I call 'self-imposed' if it is due, not to lack of intelligence, but to lack of courage or determination to use one's own intelligence without the help of a leader. *Sapere aude!* Dare to use your own intelligence! This is the battle-cry of the Enlightenment.

What Kant says here is very personal to him. It is part of his own history. Brought up in near poverty, in the narrow outlook of Pietism—a severe German version of Puritanism—his own life was a story of emancipation through knowledge. In later years, he used to look back

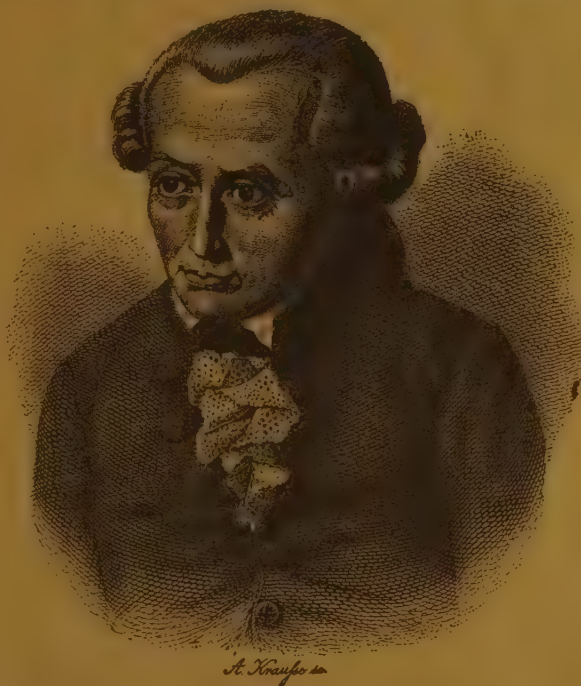
with horror to what he called 'the slavery of childhood', his period of tutelage. One might well say that the dominant theme of his whole life was the struggle of spiritual freedom.

A decisive role in this struggle was played by Newton's theory which had been made known on the Continent by Voltaire. The cosmology of Copernicus and Newton became the powerful and exciting inspiration of Kant's intellectual life. His first important book, on the *Theory of the Heavens*, has the interesting sub-title: *An Essay on the Constitution and the Mechanical Origin of the Universe, Treated According to Newtonian Principles*. It is one of the greatest contributions ever made to cosmology and cosmogony. It contains the first formulation not only of what is now called the 'Kant-Laplace hypothesis' of the origin of the solar system, but also, anticipating Jeans, an application of this idea to the 'Milky Way' (which Thomas Wright had interpreted as a stellar system five years earlier). But all this is excelled by Kant's identification of the nebulae as other 'Milky Ways'—distant stellar systems similar to our own.

It was the cosmological problem, as Kant explains in one of his letters, which led him to his theory of knowledge, and to his *Critique of Pure Reason*. He was concerned with the knotty problem (which has to be faced by every cosmologist) of the finitude or infinity of the universe, with respect to both space and time. As far as space is concerned, a fascinating solution has been suggested since, by Einstein, in the form of a world which is both finite and without limits. This solution cuts right through the Kantian knot, but it uses more powerful means than those available to Kant and his contemporaries. As far as time is concerned, no equally promising solution of Kant's difficulties has been offered up to now.

Kant tells us that he came upon the central problem of his *Critique* when considering whether the universe had a beginning in time or not. He found to his dismay that he could produce seemingly valid proofs for both of these possibilities. The two proofs are interesting; and although it needs concentration to follow them, they are not long, and not hard to understand.

For the first proof we start by analysing the idea of an infinite sequence of years (or days, or any other equal and finite intervals of time). Such an infinite sequence of years must be a sequence which goes on and on and never comes to an end. It can never be completed: a completed or an elapsed infinity of years is a contradiction in terms. Now in his first proof, Kant simply argues that the world must have a beginning in time since otherwise, at this present moment, an infinite



Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), from an engraving after the portrait by Döbler, painted in 1791



number of years must have elapsed; which is impossible. This concludes the first proof.

For the second proof, we start by analysing the idea of a completely empty time—the time before there was a world. Such an empty time, in which there is nothing whatever, must be a time none of whose time-intervals is differentiated from any other by its temporal relation to things and events, since things and events simply do not exist at all. Now take the last interval of the empty time—the one immediately before the world begins. Clearly, this interval is differentiated from all earlier intervals since it is characterised by its close temporal relation to an event—the beginning of the world; yet the same interval is supposed to be empty, which is a contradiction in terms. Now in his second proof, Kant simply argues that the world cannot have a beginning in time since otherwise there would be a time-interval—the moment immediately before the world began—which is empty and yet characterised by its immediate temporal relation to an event in the world; which is impossible.

We have here a clash between two proofs. Such a clash Kant called an 'antinomy'. I shall not trouble you with the other antinomies in which Kant found himself entangled, such as those concerning the limits of the universe in space.

### Space and Time

What lesson did Kant draw from these bewildering antinomies? He concluded that our ideas of space and time are inapplicable to the universe as a whole. We can, of course, apply the ideas of space and time to ordinary physical things and physical events. But space and time themselves are neither things nor events: they cannot even be observed: they are more elusive. They are a kind of framework for things and events: something like a system of pigeon-holes, or a filing system, for observations. Space and time are not part of the real empirical world of things and events, but rather part of our mental outfit, our apparatus for grasping this world. Their proper use is as instruments of observation: in observing any event we locate it, as a rule, immediately and intuitively in an order of space and time. Thus space and time may be described as a frame of reference which is not based upon experience but intuitively used in experience, and properly applicable to experience. This is why we get into trouble if we misapply the ideas of space and time, by using them in a field which transcends all possible experience—as we did in our two proofs about the universe as a whole.

To the view which I have just outlined, Kant chose to give the ugly and doubly misleading name 'Transcendental Idealism'. He soon regretted this choice, for it made people believe that he was an idealist in the sense of denying the reality of physical things: that he declared physical things to be mere ideas. Kant hastened to explain that he had only denied that space and time are empirical and real—empirical and real, namely, in the sense in which physical things and events are empirical and real. But in vain did he protest. His difficult style sealed his fate: he was to be revered as the father of German Idealism. I suggest that it is time to put this right. Kant always insisted that the physical things in space and time are real. And as to the wild and obscure metaphysical speculations of the German Idealists, the very title of Kant's *Critique* was chosen to announce a critical attack upon all such speculative reasoning. For what the *Critique* criticises is pure reason: it criticises and attacks all reasoning about the world that is 'pure' in the sense of being untainted by sense experience. Kant attacked pure reason by showing that pure reasoning about the world must always entangle us in antinomies. Stimulated by Hume, Kant wrote his *Critique* in order to establish that the limits of sense experience are the limits of all sound reasoning about the world.

Kant's faith in his theory of space and time as an intuitive frame of reference was confirmed when he found in it a key to the solution of a second problem. This was the problem of the validity of Newtonian theory in whose absolute and unquestionable truth he believed, in common with all contemporary physicists. It was inconceivable, he felt, that this exact mathematical theory should be nothing but the result of accumulated observations. But what else can be its basis? Kant approached this problem by first considering the status of geometry. Euclid's geometry is not based upon observation, he said, but upon our intuition of spatial relations. Newtonian science is in a similar position. Although confirmed by observations, it is the result, not of these observations, but of our own ways of thinking: of our attempts to order our sense-data, to understand them, and to digest them intellectually. It is not these sense-data but our own intellect, the organisa-

tion of the digestive system of our mind, which is responsible for our theories. Nature, as we know it, with its order and with its laws, is thus largely a product of the assimilating and ordering activities of our mind. In Kant's own striking formulation of this view, 'Our intellect does not draw its laws from nature, but imposes its laws upon nature'.

This formula sums up an idea which Kant himself proudly calls his 'Copernican Revolution'. As Kant puts it, Copernicus, finding that no progress was being made with the theory of the revolving heavens, broke the deadlock by turning the tables, as it were: he assumed that it is not the heavens which revolve while we, the observers, stand still, but that we, the observers revolve while the heavens stand still. In a similar way, Kant says, the problem of scientific knowledge is to be solved—the problem how an exact science, such as Newtonian theory, is possible, and how it could ever have been found. We must give up the view that we are passive observers, waiting for nature to impress its regularity upon us. Instead we must adopt the view that in digesting our sense-data, we actively impress the order and the laws of our intellect upon them. Our cosmos bears the imprint of our minds.

By emphasising the role played by the observer, the investigator, the theorist, Kant made an indelible impression not only upon philosophy but also upon physics and cosmology. There is a Kantian climate of thought without which Einstein's theories, or Bohr's, are hardly conceivable: and Eddington might be said to be more of a Kantian, in some respects, than Kant himself. Even those who, like myself, cannot follow Kant all the way, can accept his view that the experimenter must not wait till it pleases nature to reveal her secrets, but that he must question her. He must cross-examine nature in the light of his doubts, his conjectures, his theories, his ideas, and his inspirations. Here, I believe, is a wonderful philosophical find. It makes it possible to look upon science, whether theoretical or experimental, as a human creation, and to look upon its history as part of the history of ideas, on a level with the history of art or of literature.

There is a second and even more interesting meaning inherent in Kant's version of the Copernican Revolution, a meaning which may perhaps indicate an ambivalence in his attitude towards it. For Kant's Copernican Revolution solves a human problem to which Copernicus' own revolution gave rise. Copernicus deprived man of his central position in the physical universe. Kant's Copernican Revolution takes the sting out of this. He shows us not only that our location in the physical universe is irrelevant, but also that, in a sense, our universe may well be said to turn about us; for it is we who produce, at least in part, the order we find in it; it is we who create our knowledge of it. We are discoverers: and discovery is a creative art.

From Kant the cosmologist, the philosopher of knowledge and of science, I now turn to Kant the moralist. I do not know whether it has been noticed before that the fundamental idea of Kant's ethics amounts to another Copernican Revolution, analogous in every respect to the one I have described. For Kant makes man the lawgiver of morality just as he makes him the lawgiver of nature. And, in doing so, he gives back to man his central place both in his moral and in his physical universe. Kant humanised ethics, as he had humanised science.

### Doctrine of Autonomy

Kant's Copernican Revolution in the field of ethics is contained in his doctrine of autonomy—the doctrine that we cannot accept the command of an authority, however exalted, as the ultimate basis of ethics. For whenever we are faced with a command by an authority, it is our responsibility to judge whether this command is moral or immoral. The authority may have power to enforce its commands, and we may be powerless to resist. But if we have the physical power of choice, then the ultimate responsibility remains with us. It is our decision whether to obey a command: whether to accept authority.

Kant boldly carries this revolution into the field of religion. Here is a striking passage of his:

Much as my words may startle you, you must not condemn me for saying: every man creates his God. From the moral point of view . . . you even have to create your God, in order to worship in Him your creator. For in whatever way . . . the Deity should be made known to you—even . . . if He should reveal Himself to you: it is you . . . who must judge whether you are permitted (by your conscience) to believe in Him, and to worship Him.

Kant's ethical theory is not confined to the statement that a man's conscience is his ultimate authority. He also tries to tell us what our conscience may demand from us. Of this, the moral law, he

(continued on page 303)



## Ten Weeks in Brazil—V

## Mr. Mascarenhas

By JULIAN DUGUID

**I**T felt strange to be talking about England on a hot sea wall in the sunlight of the north-east coast of Brazil. A wind that was warm and unrefreshing was blowing in from the Atlantic. It rustled the tops of the coconut palms, whose fruit hung ripely and dangerously above the heads of the passers-by. A mile or two out from the shore, the three-cornered sails of the *jangadas*, the log-built fishing rafts of Pernambuco, were dipping almost to the water as they scoured across the bay. I had plenty of time to observe these things because Mr. Mascarenhas was late. He had promised to take us for a drive, 300 miles and back to the São Francisco river on the borders of the State of Bahia. But he was no more a slave to punctuality than is anyone else in Brazil, and I had learned the necessity for patience. Meanwhile, I made bets with myself as to which coconut would miss which pedestrian on the long drop from the trees.

## Difficult Decision for Parker

Sitting on the wall beside me was an English business man whose name was—shall we say?—Parker. He was a blunt and intelligent Yorkshireman; and his firm manufactured articles which had for long sold well in Brazil. Now, he was growing anxious. There was nothing wrong with his product except the world in which we live. Brazilian import licences were becoming more difficult each year. Competition from Germany and Japan was cutting into his market. Mascarenhas was Parker's agent. He had handled his goods with profit, and they were trying to decide what was best. Should Parker's firm in England continue to attempt to export in the face of Brazilian nationalism? Or should they set up a factory inside the frontiers of Brazil? It was a difficult decision for Parker, and he had not yet made up his mind on that hot morning in Recife. He felt deeply responsible for his workers. Their livelihood hung on his judgment. A mistake could mean unemployment in a certain Yorkshire town. It is a problem that confronts many Englishmen in an age when more and more nations are hoping to be self-sufficient.

An hour or two later Mascarenhas arrived without any sense of guilt. He was a youngish, forceful man, and his smile was really charming. He said: 'In England it is rude to be late. In Brazil it is rude to be punctual. We are now in Brazil. I will apologise if you like, but it won't do any good. My car and my driver are lost. They may be at any petrol station in Recife. Presently, they will come. So let us sit and enjoy this exceptionally beautiful morning'.

While we waited, he told us a little of what we were going to see. This part of north-eastern Brazil is often crippled by drought. Its cattle die, its cane-fields wither, its people are forced to emigrate to the milder lands of the south. I had seen them enter São Paulo, 2,000 miles away. They were pinched with fatigue, and rather frightened, after ten days on the road. They were seated on wooden benches some thirty or forty to a lorry: men, women, and children, who had just begun to realise that they had left their homes for ever. The whole business was something of a racket. Lorry drivers coming to Recife with goods from the factories of São Paulo were glad to return with a load. They sold a seat in their vehicles at £4 a head. Brazilians of the countryside are poor; and this was all they possessed after selling all that they owned. Apart from the human misery, it was embarrassing for the State of São Paulo to be landed with refugees at the rate of 1,500 a month. So the Brazilian Federal Government had approved a hydro-electric scheme on the São Francisco river, at a place called Paulo Afonso. It was hoped that when it was finished it would bring power for many light industries into the States of Bahia and Pernambuco. It was a bold and ambitious idea, and both Parker and I were keen to see it. It might conceivably mean that a factory would move from Yorkshire to Brazil.

Mascarenhas was full of enthusiasm. He believed in the future of his country. When his driver at last appeared, we shot from the streets of Recife in his large American car. For thirty miles or so, we proceeded at eighty miles an hour; and then the concrete stopped. Mascarenhas was not disconcerted. The dirt-road rasped his tyres, and one part of his mind took note of it. But another part of his mind was exulting in

the road as it would be a dozen years from now. This made for curious driving. His car cried out in distress, but he continued to push it furiously. He maintained with easy optimism that we should reach Paulo Afonso by midnight.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the half-way mark, the town of Arcoverde. It lay in the crutch of a valley, and a warm wind blew down it. Mascarenhas went away to make enquiries and returned more jaunty than ever. It was up to us, he said. We could go on if we liked. But the São Francisco river could only be crossed by ferry, and no ferry ran during darkness. He advised dinner and a sleep. We could start at five o'clock next morning.

Over a meal of beef and black beans, Mascarenhas began to coach Parker on what to expect in Brazil. It was no use setting up a factory with English habits in mind. Brazil was a personal country. If you wanted to succeed in business, you had to know the right people. You had to know who to bribe. Mascarenhas had been in England, and he disapproved most strongly of an honest Civil Service. Bureaucracy was all very well, he remarked with considerable heat, but why should it strangle enterprise? There was a bitter running fight between those who administered regulations and those who got things done. If you did not know who to bribe, and at what price, the country would die of inertia. It was his strong and voluble opinion that this was what was happening in England. He was so indignant about it that I wondered, a little unworthily, if he had tried to bribe the Customs in Liverpool.

After dinner, Mascarenhas went to bed. I strolled through the streets with Parker. We were neither of us shocked by Mascarenhas. South American Civil Service methods are entirely different from our own. We pay our men enough to live: the South Americans do not. As a consequence, they look upon a bribe as a kind of private income-tax from those who want a favour. It is a difference in outlook, not of morals.

Arcoverde intrigued me greatly as a sign of the new Brazil. Brazilians love noise when they can get it; but twenty years ago they would have been forced to make do with gramophones. Today, they are much more scientific. Parker and I found real difficulty in hearing each other speak. There were four main sources of uproar: the cinema, the local advertising agency, and the Roman Catholic and the Baptist churches. Each had loudspeaker equipment. Each had a horn-shaped object attached to the top of the building. Each had many wires to many amplifiers slung half-way up the lamp-posts. The cinema was telling Arcoverde of the joys that were flickering on the screen. From time to time, snippets of the sound-track came bawling out into the night as an earnest of what was being missed. The advertising agency talked lyrically of the quality and prices in the shops. The Catholic priest and the Baptist minister were preaching compelling sermons. Yet, as far as I could judge, not a single inhabitant was listening. It was the background noise that pleased them.

## Into the Silence

Next morning, I understood why. Mascarenhas called us early, and we drove through the dawn into the sunlight on a truly astonishing road. It ran dead straight between skylines for more than 100 miles. Down the middle were three rows of stones, shaped like the furrows in a potato field, cast up by the passing lorries. They rattled the bottom of the car with a sound like hail on tin; and Mascarenhas had to drive carefully. It was a desolate part of Brazil: hot, low scrub, without a cottage in sight, and only the concrete pylons striding above the trees to remind one that man had been here.

Presently, we stopped for breakfast at the first house we had seen. It was a strange spectacle, and welcome. It was a mud-built shack with bare earth floors, a few rough tables and chairs, and a family to wait on travellers. Outside was a lonely petrol pump, and behind was a small corral that contained a single pony. On the top bar was a parrot, which accepted a piece of banana and swore at me gently and amiably. When we sat down to our meal, we were mobbed by little black piglets. But the greatest surprise of all came when the host's



young daughter turned on a raucous gramophone. Parker and I just blinked at each other, and then we burst out laughing. For what emerged from the horn was a rich, ripe, Portuguese voice singing: 'Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do'. After that, Brazil held no astonishment.

While Mascarenhas tended his car, I went for a stroll in the bush. It was then that this passion for noise became suddenly understandable. Once the gramophone ceased to blare, a terrible silence descended. Neither birds nor animals spoke. Not a leaf moved on the trees as they stood in the undulating heat-waves. I had an odd and uncomfortable feeling that if a grasshopper scraped his legs a couple of miles away I should hear it perfectly distinctly. It was not an enchanted silence. There was nothing friendly about it. It was a menacing lack of noise. And now I knew with certainty the reason for the din in Arcoverde. It was an instinctive defensive mechanism against the appalling quiet of the countryside.

We arrived at Paulo Afonso, after crossing the river on the ferry, a matter of twelve hours late. Mascarenhas was not perturbed. He threw himself into the business of showing us round the place, of which he was rightly proud. It is the first purely Brazilian hydro-electric scheme, carried out without help from outside. Paulo Afonso is a neat little town, built in the middle of nowhere for the use of the makers of the dam. It is 300 miles from Recife, and almost as far from Bahia; and those are the nearest cities. It has an airstrip, a wireless transmitter, a fine social club, and long rows of suburban bungalows which have electric light and refrigerators. It has also that

rather sad feeling which comes when too many people know each other far too well.

Yet, however these people feel about each other, they have only one sentiment for the dam. They love it deeply, and with pride. They have seen the fast green waters of the São Francisco river halted and pushed back by their concrete. They have sunk their coffers and erected their barrage until now there are only a few feet more before the river is trapped and tame. They work round the clock, in shifts; and I watched them sweating under searchlights on what was once the bed of the river. I saw the chamber they had hewn for their generators: it was eighty feet high and 150 feet long, blasted deep in a mountain of rock. They called it 'The Cathedral', and indeed it looked like that. I saw the huge transformers and the beginning of the line of pylons, with wires already on them, waiting impatiently for the current which should be ready this year. Mascarenhas beamed on all this. He could not contain his satisfaction that here was something Brazilian, which would help Recife to expand. It would show his faint-hearted compatriots that foreign capital was unnecessary: that Brazil could help herself.

Parker was rather silent as he moved about Paulo Afonso. It was obvious what he was thinking. Should he make his products in Yorkshire and trust to the market improving? Or should he take a jump and bank on Paulo Afonso and a new factory in Recife? He did not tell me his conclusions, and it was not my business to ask. Still, I should like to know: because that is the kind of question on which the future of England could turn.—*Home Service*

## The Evolution of Oceans

By MAURICE N. HILL

**T**HE legend of Atlantis, or of a land with some other name, submerged beneath the Atlantic, is deeply rooted in the mythology of many European nations. From Plato's time until the present there has been a continual search for evidence of a powerful kingdom which the Egyptian priests believed lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules. There is a vast literature on the subject but, regrettably, it is of little use to the scientist seeking to understand the evolution and structure of the Atlantic Ocean. The reason for this is that on scientific grounds there is now good evidence to support the belief

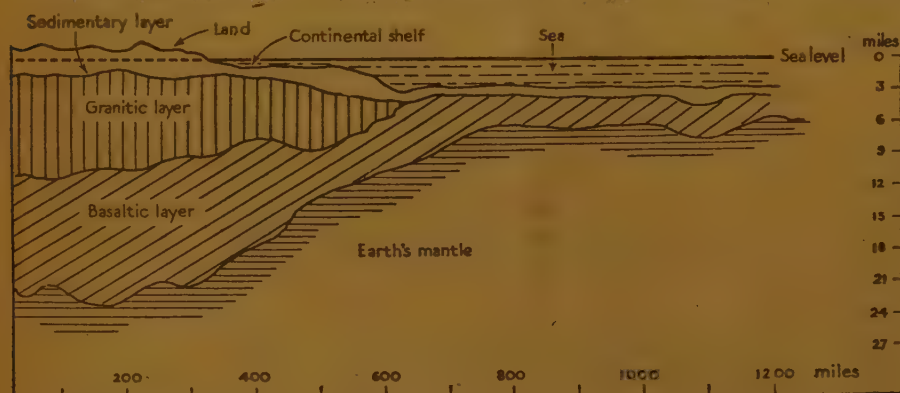
sailors seeing islands such as the lonely St. Paul's Rocks, the Azores, or the Canaries, believed that they were the outposts of a great continent. The geological evidence against this idea is so strong that the search for Atlantis cannot, in my view, be seriously pursued.

The scientific belief in the permanence of the oceans is founded on evidence from numerous sources. One of the most important is the contrast between the levels of the continental surfaces and the bottoms of the oceans. If we suppose that the roughness of the earth's surface was formed by the wrinkling of a uniform skin as the earth cooled and contracted, you would expect a more random distribution of depths and heights than in fact exists. As it is, nearly three-quarters of the ocean is between 10,000 feet and 20,000 feet deep, while nearly three-quarters of the land (on which, incidentally, no deposits of undoubted deep-sea origin have ever been found) lies below 3,500 feet. This non-uniform distribution in level suggests that it was not simply a matter of chance that produced the continents and oceans, but either that there is some fundamental difference in the rocks lying beneath them or that there were forces in action which pushed parts of the crust up to one particular level and depressed other parts to another.

The measurement of gravity at sea can tell us which of these two possibilities is correct since, roughly speaking, the value of gravity depends upon the total mass of rock lying below a particular point. If the rocks beneath the oceans and the continents were the same then we would expect that the mass of the oceanic column would be less than that of

the continental column because the water of the ocean is much lighter than the rocks forming the upper layers of the continents. Measurements in fact show that the total masses of these two columns are identical. This is what we would expect if the rocks forming the continents and the bed of the ocean were floating freely on the liquid interior of the earth. It suggests that the oceans exist because the rocks beneath them are, on the whole, denser than the continental rocks and so float deeper.

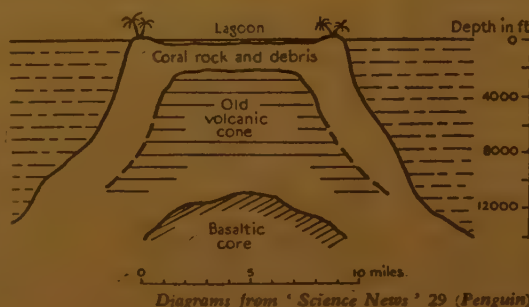
We can show, then, that there are real differ-



A section from continent to deep ocean

Below: section through a coral atoll

that the deep ocean basins, where the water depth is more than 12,000 feet, were formed early in the earth's history. So it is inconceivable that in the short time, geologically speaking, since civilised man appeared on the earth, a continent or large island could have foundered to oceanic depths, or even into the shallow seas which surround the continents. Volcanic islands have existed and still exist in the Atlantic, and it is, perhaps, on these that the legends have been founded: perhaps bold



Diagrams from 'Science News' 29 (Penguin)



ences between the continents and oceans, and that it is not possible for a continent to be depressed so that its surface lies as deep as the ocean bottom.

What, then, are these differences? Our first information comes from volcanoes. These provide us with a record of what the rocks are like at depths in the earth beyond those we can reach by boring or mining.

The islands of the deep Pacific are formed from volcanoes which always produce basaltic lavas, that is to say, lavas that are denser and less acid than those sometimes produced by continental volcanoes. On the continents we also find lavas which are never found on the Pacific islands. This suggests that deep below the continents there are rocks like those found below the Pacific, but that the rocks commonly found on the continental surface and which may be the source of the acidic lavas are missing below the Pacific. On the western side of the Pacific, towards New Zealand, Fiji, and Japan, the volcanic islands produce lavas which are not exclusively basaltic, and likewise in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans we find lavas that are not unlike those found on

Below the basaltic layer underlying the oceans, which is three to four miles in thickness, there is a layer of heavy, ultrabasic rock which, we believe, does not change in chemical composition throughout 2,000 miles in depth. Beneath the continents, on the other hand, the structure is such that the acid rocks (missing below the oceans) are some ten miles thick, and these probably grade into the basaltic rocks which are again some ten miles thick. Not till we get down to twenty miles below the continents do we find the ultrabasic rock; this figure must be contrasted with the figure of six miles beneath the sea level of the oceans.

In brief, then, it seems that the crustal rocks forming the bed of the oceans are, on the whole, heavier and thinner than the crustal rocks forming the continents. For this reason, and because they are floating in the ultrabasic rocks below, their surface lies deeper.

So much for the structure of the oceans. Now we come to their evolution. What was it that brought about these two fundamentally different types of crustal structure, the oceans and the continents? When did the differentiation of the surface of the earth into these two types take place? When were the ocean basins filled with water, and where did the water come from? These and many other questions are the problems we must face, and about which, through inadequate knowledge of the early history of the earth, we are forced to be speculative.

First, it seems that the main oceans and continents must have taken up their general shape when the earth was in its infancy—at a time, that is, when it was probably mainly fluid but with solid rocks starting to form the continental masses on its surface. At that time there would have been forces adequate to shift the continental blocks about the surface; nowadays, and ever since the solidification has extended to a considerable depth, the viscosity, the finite strength of the ultrabasic layers, and the small forces available, have firmly and immovably embedded the continents in the substratum.

Few geophysicists accept the idea of the comparatively recent drifting apart of the continents as some geologists and zoologists would like. For similar physical reasons the suggestion that the earth gave birth to the moon is not now generally accepted since it seems impossible that at any time, even if the earth were fluid, were the forces large enough to cause the rupture of part of the mantle of the earth to form the moon. The Pacific Ocean is not, in fact, as our geography books used to teach us, the scar left by

the departure of the moon. Instead it is another ocean basin larger and slightly deeper than the Atlantic.

It has been shown that if the granite-like rocks were the first to solidify and formed a scum such as forms on boiling jam, there might have been convection currents in the fluid bulk of the earth which could sweep this scum towards one or other pole. Subsequently, as the earth became cooler, these currents would cease and would be replaced by others which would sweep the continents into their present positions. Thus the South Pole would have been the collecting point, and the secondary convection currents would have broken parts of the aggregation away, leaving a continental mass, Antarctica, behind.



H.M.S. Challenger in mid-Atlantic during her voyage of survey last summer. Right: launching from H.M.S. Challenger a sono-radio buoy—used for prospecting, by geophysical methods, rocks deep below the sea-bed

the continents. It is the complete absence of these acidic lavas in the deep Pacific that gives us a possible clue to the general difference in structure between the oceans and continents. It suggests that the rocks under the oceans are, on the whole, more dense than those under the continents since the lighter acidic rocks found in the surface layers of the continents are thin or possibly entirely missing. But that leaves difficulties still to be explained.

For example, the presence beneath the Atlantic of a thin covering of these light, acidic, continental rocks is difficult to reconcile with recent results obtained from the study of the way in which the waves from explosions in the sea travel through the rocks below. It appears from these experiments that the rocks immediately underlying the muds and ooze at the bottom of the ocean are similar to the rocks which lie some ten miles below the continents, and that the rocks which form the top ten miles of the continents are entirely missing. This apparent inconsistency might be explained if the information from the volcanic islands of the Atlantic is misleading when applied to the deep ocean rocks. These islands mostly lie along the mid-Atlantic Ridge which extends from Iceland to the neighbourhood of Antarctica, and it is possible that the rocks of this ridge are not typical of the rocks found in the oceanic depths. In comparison the deep Pacific volcanic islands are more isolated and more likely to represent typical deep-ocean rocks.

I think, from our own measurements in the Atlantic, from those in the Pacific and Indian Oceans obtained in the recent world cruise of H.M.S. Challenger, and from the results obtained by United States expeditions in the western Atlantic and in the Pacific, that the deep ocean basins are similar in structure wherever they exist, although in detail there may be differences.





This all took place some 2,000,000,000 years ago in the earth's infancy. Relatively soon after this—it can be calculated how soon—water vapour would begin to condense from the immensely thick atmosphere and the ocean basins would begin to fill with water. The actual amount of water available at that time cannot be estimated with any accuracy. But it is clear that there cannot have been very much less water on the surface of the earth at the end of the lifeless period in its development than now. If there had been, then a large change in the salinity of the sea associated with the change in the total amount of water on the surface of the earth would be expected. This seems unlikely, since the concentration of salts in the body fluids of many marine organisms, however long their species has existed, is such that they cannot tolerate any great change in the concentration of salts in the water in which they live. This suggests that there has been little change in the saltiness of the sea since life first appeared. Further, shallow-water marine deposits of all geological ages exist on the continents at and about sea level. This again supports the view that there have not been any large changes in the total quantity of water.

Further evidence that leads to the same conclusion comes from what we know of the rate of production of water at present. Most of the new water in the oceans comes from the condensation of moisture produced from volcanoes. The present time is not inactive from the volcanic point of view, and it has been estimated that today the annual production of new water is so small that it would not have made an appreciable change in the level of the sea during the last 500,000,000 years. There are, of course, minor fluctuations in level produced by local earth movements, by the transport of material from the continents to the oceans, or by world-wide changes in climate and a change in the quantity of ice piled in the polar regions, but these changes cannot be comparable with the depth of the deep oceans.

So it seems that, at some stage early in the earth's history, the continents and ocean basins were formed, and that soon afterwards water condensed in the ocean basins, rapidly filling them to a level less, but not much less, than exists at present. Thereafter there have not been any great changes in the geographical constitution of the earth.

As soon as water could exist on the surface of the earth, rain became a powerful eroding agent, and the land surface was worn down and the resulting sediments washed out into the primitive ocean. The heavier particles were not as easily transported as the lighter ones and so were deposited in comparatively shallow water, and the formation of the rubbish tip we call the continental shelf began. The finer material was, however, swept out into the deep sea, and slowly sank to the bottom, forming deep-sea clays. The rate at which these collect cannot be estimated with any certainty, but it is undoubtedly extremely slow. The figure is probably of the order of one inch of solid material in 20,000 years. Apart from these clays, which come from the land, there are also the sediments precipitated from the oceans themselves. Exactly what these were in the early history of the oceans it is impossible to say, but nowadays, over vast areas of the ocean floor the larger part of the solid reaching the bottom is of organic origin. It consists of the limestone and silica shells of animals living in the surface water. This rain of debris depends upon the existence of primitive, yet not primeval, life in the seas, so we can be sure that the deep-sea sediments will at least have changed their form and probably their amount during the course of geological time.

The total thickness of the sediments has been measured by the explosion method in many different places and it seems to have an average value for the deep sea of, very roughly, 2,000 feet, though near the edges of the continents the thickness is greater.

### Underwater Scenery

In the scenery of the ocean bed there is immense variety: it is as variable as the familiar scenery on land although it differs from it since weather, rain, and breaking waves have not carved it up in the same way. On land much of the primitive topography has been buried under immense thicknesses of sediments. This has happened to a much smaller extent at sea, because the amount of the sedimentary material is much less than on the continents and only some of the less spectacular bottom features have been obscured.

This scenery of the ocean bed has been produced by processes similar to those which formed the continental scenery. There are volcanoes, mountain ranges, deep trenches, immense plains of lavas and muds; the continental edge is furrowed by gigantic submarine canyons. The only features which belong exclusively to the oceans are the coral atolls. These we now know are produced by reef-building

corals which originally started growing around the shore lines of a volcanic island. These islands represented an excess mass on the sea bed, and for this reason slowly sank beneath the waves. The corals, however, could usually grow sufficiently fast to maintain the reef at sea level while the central island within the reef sank into the sea.

So far, we know little of the detail of any of these features of, or below, the sea bed. To survey a distant area is expensive and difficult and we have to draw conclusions on evidence that is often inadequate. The difficulties of this work, and the frustration that sometimes accompanies it, were met last summer when two of us, John Swallow and myself, were out in H.M.S. *Challenger* under the command of Commander Bill Ashton, R.N. On our last cruise, after months of unfavourable weather, we attempted to survey an area of spectacular underwater scenery on the mid-Atlantic Ridge. We had set aside three days for this, but we had scarcely completed twelve hours when a hurricane was upon us and the survey had to be abandoned. We hoped that the wind would moderate sufficiently to allow us to continue later, but we had gales for the next five days and we were forced to return to harbour having achieved very little.

This is typical of what happens to the best-laid plans of exploration at sea, and apart from the expense and difficulties of obtaining shipping it is for reasons such as this that progress is slow. Valuable methods of exploration are now, however, in our hands and with perseverance there is no reason why we should not unravel the structure and past history of the oceans and eliminate the controversy that inevitably surrounds the speculative conclusions about which I have been speaking.—*Third Programme*

## The Pied Piper of Akashi: A Japanese Tale

Despite the striking rows on rows of little stones,  
and large statistics,  
Despite the vivid rags, and ill-consorting bones—  
a fairy tale alone can make it real and true.

At ten in the morning the black planes flew  
across to bomb the factory  
That made black planes. A happy harmless time of day  
For children and the aged, both at their various play.

The young ones and the old ones scurried to the park,  
the pretty refuge of the useless and the refuse  
Of the race. Away from the dark planes in the sky,  
the dark planes on the ground.

But in the morning brightness, the dazed planes found  
A human target, by a human error, and let their sleeping  
brothers lie.  
They taught the pines a lesson, the grass repented its  
aggression. While nearby  
The factory shuddered slightly at the sight....

That night the workers, back from perilous bench or office,  
Found their home-town queerly run to middle age—  
no docile daughters, no imps of sons,  
And hardly any ancients, whether cracked or sage.

Yet time and our native riches have once again refuted  
the frozen spell of elves  
And witches. New old were soon recruited,  
from ourselves.

The young sprang up afresh, careless of wrongs and rights,  
to shame the frailer race  
And harass our economy. They filled the ownerless kimonos,  
and flew their dusty brothers' kites.

The park is full of bold and bandy babies, and a glory  
Of chrysanthemums and paper bags. The nearby factory is full  
Of busy adults, glittering planes, and foreign capital—  
a kindly fairy ends our little story.

D. J. ENRIGHT



# The Way to God through Science

By C. A. COULSON

**I** WONDER if there was surprise when the announcer said that a university professor was to speak of the various ways to God, and was going to claim that science was one such way. Yet that is the claim I am going to make; and I want to make it on the ground of my own personal experience. I dare say there are some people who would like to give what they call a scientific proof that God exists; I shall not even try to do this, and in fact I do not believe it can be done. But equally well I can assure you that science has not disproved God. That it will never do, as we shall see. What I want to do is to tell you how one professional scientist, who earns his living by lecturing and research, finds that God is revealed to him when he thinks about his job and (if you like to put it this way) allows God to speak to him through the discoveries and the pattern of science.

## Christian Founders of the Royal Society

I said that nowadays some people are surprised to learn that a self-respecting scientist can also be a Christian. They ought not to be. For the number of people like myself is quite large. In the last four university departments where I have worked, almost exactly one half of the members of the staff have been professing Christians. So it does not look as if the popular view of the matter was right in this respect. Nor has it been in the past. I like to think that when what was almost the first textbook of science ever to be written in England was being prepared by an Oxford scientist in 1266, it was written to show that, so far from being an enemy of Christian faith, science was to be an aid because, as it said, it could 'lead the mind through a study of the created works to a knowledge of the Creator'. And years later, in the seventeenth century, almost at the dawn of the era of modern science, when our Royal Society was founded, two of its first members were bishops. It was one of them who proposed the greatest scientist of all time, Isaac Newton, for membership. Incidentally, Newton himself was a most devout Christian, and so were Christopher Wren the architect and several others of that group.

But I am getting away from myself. I wanted to put that bit in about the way science grew up cradled in the Christian faith, because it shows that when I say that I too am a Christian believer, there is one sense in which I am travelling along old roads. When I find, as I sometimes do, right in the middle of some of my mathematics, a sense of beauty, and I pause for a moment in wonder, I am responding to one of the notes that go to make up God's call in just the same way as the Greeks who found perfection in the symmetry of circles and triangles; or as the astronomer Kepler, who first helped us to unravel the mysteries of the motion of the planets, and who said that the aim of natural science was to lay bare 'the order and harmony impressed on things by God'.

It is here that science can help us in our worship. I realise that God can never be completely known: yet there is a sense in which one of our main jobs here on earth is to find out what we can about Him: and, for some of us, science is a chief way of finding out. Not the only way, of course, nor a way that everyone will want to attempt; but for those who do try it, it becomes true that the more we know about the world God made, the more we shall know about Him who made it. I believe God wants us to worship Him out of as full a knowledge as possible: only then can our fellowship with Him be as rich and deep as it should be. That is the real reason why no one has any right to stop scientists from making their discoveries, however risky and dangerous they may be. For in the last resort, when any scientist discovers something about the world God made, he discovers something about God. And this is true even if, as often happens, the scientist himself does not recognise it. Some scientists are God's unknowing mouthpiece, through whom He speaks both to scientist and non-scientist.

These are some of the old roads along which I have been travelling. But in recent years the remarkable development of science has made some new roads to God, besides lighting up the old ones better. May I mention two of these? I hope I can do so without becoming too technical. I am thinking of what I will call 'power', and 'fitness' or 'pattern'.

Three thousand years ago people used to believe that the stars which they could see at night were windows cut out of the blue dome of the sky and illuminated by a candle, to help the angels to see what was going on down below on the earth. Think for a moment of the change in our knowledge now. Each star is a burning sun, like our own. And the 8,000 or thereabouts which we can see on a clear evening are but a tiny fraction of the 100,000,000 that go to make the little corner of space which we call our galaxy. Or think of the age of these starry systems. Half a dozen distinct lines of evidence all agree that our earth is about 3,000,000,000 years old, rather more than half the age of our sun. Some of the stars are older than this, some are younger. What a picture it gives of power—incredible, unbelievable power. Sometimes, when I am coming back home from work to our house at the edge of the city of Oxford on a crisp evening when there are no clouds, I look up at the sky and think of these things: my soul is caught up into the immensity of it. If there is a God at all, these are His stars, this is His scale of time and space. I believe, sometimes, that I could almost burst out like the psalmist: 'The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork'.

The other thing I was going to say was about 'fitness' or 'pattern'. A little while ago I was present at a conference discussing one of the new vitamins, vitamin K. It is an important substance, and failure to understand its importance was one reason for the collapse of a very large-scale egg scheme a year or two back. It is a complicated chemical, as you may suppose; but most of the parts out of which it is built are now known. The purpose of this particular conference was to see how they all fitted together. As I was coming away from that conference, a thought suddenly came home to me: what an intricate pattern goes to make our world! How astonishingly everything seems to play its part in the great scheme of things! If one tiny bit of that vitamin is altered, the whole power of the vitamin is ruined. And yet the quantity which we require is so small that the total amount needed in that egg scheme could have been put in a suitcase. How much more clear—to those who are prepared to see it—does the hand of God become!

Yet I must not stop here, tempting as it may be. There are two more things I have to add, if I am to give you a fair account. The first is that we may not recognise all this as God's work right away: we may have to wait a little until it becomes clear for us. When people first began to understand about vitamins and biochemistry, some of them said: 'Aha, now we know how the human body works: it's just a series of chemical reactions. We don't need God any longer'. But after a time there comes a change in our thinking. We recognise that we have not explained God away: we have explained God's works. I should put it, that we have begun to see God through His works: and so science becomes our guide, a sort of platform on which we stand to see something we could not otherwise have seen. As one very famous scientist put it: 'A little science leads away from God: more science leads back to Him'.

## 'One Form of Revelation'

The last thing to be said is this. Not all Christian people will believe me when I say it, but I promised to be true to my own experience. What I feel is that I must go further than we have gone before. I did say that science showed us God's work: what I now want to say is that it shows us God. When we see the corn ripening in the field, and we begin to understand the mystery of its growth, I want to say that we are seeing God Himself at work, giving His children their daily bread. When, by patient enquiry, we find out the way in which a vitamin does its job inside the human body, we are not only seeing what God has done in creating a delicately balanced and intricate biochemical mechanism: we are also seeing God revealing Himself in the care with which He sustains the world which He has made. That is how science becomes one form of revelation, in which God does reveal Himself to us. Of course it is not a complete revelation: there is a lot more which science cannot deal with. But when we look at science like this, it



becomes one of the ways to God, a help and not a hindrance. It is a kind of sacrament in which heavenly things are seen and expressed in terms which earthly people can understand. I do not mean that my difficulties are all resolved. That is not true. But at least I begin to see, through the power and the pattern shown by science, something of the

Person behind them. That is why, so far from disproving God, science helps us to see Him. And it is why I want to say myself: Thank God for the scientists, His messengers, through whom, sometimes unknown to them, He speaks, and in whose discoveries He Himself can be seen.

—Home Service

## Tug-of-war with the Sixth Grade

By ISOBEL MACDONALD

I HAVE lately been teaching English and history in a large private school for girls in New York. I was a visiting teacher, not an exchange teacher. So I came into the school, not as the representative of an international experiment, and without any hands-across-the-sea sentiment around me; simply as a new teacher to fill a year's gap. Everyone on the staff treated me with the kindest friendliness, and I loved them all, but, as the Head put it, 'no red carpets were laid down for me'. I taught the middle-school grades, and had to sink or swim like anyone else; in fact, on looking back, I seem to have done more sinking than most, as I was so unprepared for the very different conventions of classroom discipline and manners.

The school was not like the ordinary American 'public school' which is non-fee-paying, co-educational, and supervised by the state as to curriculum and syllabus. This was a private school, for girls only. The fees were high, and so was the academic standard: many of the teachers were brilliant people, and various interesting experiments went on. Latin was being taught by a new method, and the art-work was more advanced and original than in any other school I have known.

### The Fight against Being Educated

The most immediate, the most surprising, and, for a new teacher straight from England, at first the most painful aspect of it all was the fight put up by the children against being educated. With us, children and teachers accept the fact that they are together in the same building for a process and a purpose, and there is a sensible if tacit understanding that if the children avoid the more violent forms of bad behaviour, and the teacher refrains from unjust and tyrannical acts, the purpose of being there can be carried out most painlessly on both sides. There is, in fact, a tradition of classroom manners, and there are also a few small-arms on the teachers' side in the way of penalties, which can be used to quell any child who breaks this convention by being unduly tiresome or rude. In a happy school like those I have worked in at home, these weapons are not very much used: generally a word is enough when a child is being silly, as the common sense of the class is on one's side.

In this American school war à l'outrance was the atmosphere in which, in spite of all my efforts to pacify, I taught the sixth grade, the eleven-year-olds. I also had two classes in the eighth grade, aged around thirteen, and they were especially interesting, because, although they had their rowdy members and their difficult moments, civilisation was beginning to creep in. Discussion in these classes did not descend into half the group contradicting each other loudly and the other half not listening, as it tended to do with the eleven-year-olds. So evidently the American girl improves as she develops. But why were those small ones so fierce and implacable? What was the matter with them?

I think there are at any rate two possible answers. One is the American feeling about success. You must be successful, have a sense of power, of superiority to others. Obviously, your teacher has been given a certain superiority of status over you, but if you make it almost impossible for her to teach, you win. This came out towards the end of the year when I was discussing Socrates with the eleven-year-olds in one of their calmer moments. Their book mentioned his theory that virtue is knowledge: that if you know what is right, obviously you do it. I said, 'What do you think of that idea? Is Socrates right?' 'No', they said. 'He's wrong. Oh, sure, he's wrong there'. Juley looked up with her fiercely adult air of mastery. 'When we act so you can't get on with the lesson we know it's wrong, but we do it'. 'Why?' I said. 'Why do you do it, Juley? I'd like to know'. Her eyes flashed with impish triumph. 'It gives us a sense of power, I

guess. You can't do a thing to us when we're like that, can you?' 'No', I said. 'But maybe you behave so because you don't know enough. If you were wiser you mightn't be so naughty'—and they allowed I might have something there.

Of course this desire for success and mastery means that they must have good marks: a child feels herself humiliated if she has a discouraging report, and the parents take it very much to heart if their children seem less clever than others. One would think that rebellious and turbulent behaviour in class would bring their marks down, but the maddening monkeys knew just where to draw the line. A test after a lesson that was more like an all-in wrestling-match would show that the ringleaders, who were generally the brightest children, had somehow picked it all up, and got it right-side-foremost, in a way that many of our more studious classes might envy. All the same, these brilliant, ready wits could have gone much more deeply into things if we had had more calm.

Another reason for violence is the educational theory, very strong in America, that no child should be thwarted or suppressed in any way. A few quickly applied reasonable penalties would have been invaluable in dealing with these young fiends. I am not sure about this self-expression: is it true that by acting out our bad impulses we blow them off like so much steam, or is it more likely, as traditional morality suggests, and as I have always believed, that if we persistently follow those impulses we acquire bad habits—patterns of wrong thinking and feeling—instead of good ones? The fact that the American girl, while retaining all her spontaneity, becomes so much pleasanter as she grows older, seems to support the self-expression theory. Certainly a lot of hate-steam was blown off by those young ones. I was momentarily stunned on one occasion when my class sat back and said mutinously, 'We don't like you, you know. No, we don't like you at all'. I could only say that sometimes I did not like them very much, but it was not important; we had to get on with the job. It is true that later they said, 'We do like you: we think you tell us wonderful stories', but by that time I was so tired of this fight to the finish that it did not mean very much to me, especially as liking or hating did not seem to make any difference to their general conduct. Perhaps I should have been more grateful for this momentary olive-branch, but I felt I would have preferred a greater steadiness in our relationship. 'It's all very well to dissemble your love, but why do you kick me downstairs?'

### 'Bursting with Pep and Devil'

Let me tell you what life was like with the sixth grade. They come charging in, all fourteen of them, bursting with pep and dog and devil. A certain amount of sorting out to see that, as far as possible, confederate demons do not sit together, then a check for homework. Milly throws on my desk two battered and scrawled anonymous sheets. 'Where's your name, Milly? You should write your name on your work before giving it in'. She borrows a pencil from Alice, her companion in crime. Alice has a clip-machine: she clips the pages together on the left side, then on the right, so that I cannot open them. I get possession of this mangled piece of work, have an argument with Milly about not sitting beside Alice, and we start the lesson with a few questions on the Ionian colonists. Juley is ready to answer, but with a resounding crash Harriet drops a large pencil-box on to the floor. Everyone dives to pick the pencils up: nothing is seen of the class but plump and very spankable little bottoms in tight blue pants. Then I realise that Alice is throwing out pencils as fast as they are being put in. I intervene: I make them all take out one pencil for notes, and put all the boxes on the window-sill to save further



trouble. This takes time, as there is much assumed slowness in choosing a particular pencil. We go back to our Ionians: Alice and Milly put miniature sets of false teeth into their mouths and leer at each other: I confiscate the teeth. Juley and Beth begin to hit each other: I separate them. Then Alice puts a pair of spectacles made of scarlet wire on her impudent nose and grins round. Here I feel that she is determined to give us no peace, so I send her out. The class protests loudly. 'She wasn't doing a darned thing!' However, out she must go, so they call, 'Goodbye, Alice—aren't you lucky to leave this boring lesson!' I remove a large apple from someone else; then, mysteriously, the class settles somewhat, and we do some work.

Afterwards, Alice and Milly come to ask me to give them back their miniature false teeth. 'They cost us fifteen cents in the "five and ten"'. 'Too bad', I say, arranging their papers. 'Gee, Miss Macdonald, how are we going to eat without our teeth?' 'Can't help it, dear; you'll have to starve. Two nuisances less'. 'Oh, have a heart! What'll we do if we can't eat? We'll have to have intravenous injections!' 'Yeah, sure. They'll have to fetch in the doctor if we got no teeth'. This tickles them so that they go laughing off, and stop pestering.

On one occasion, early in our acquaintance, I had to take the class to the Metropolitan Museum to look at the wonderful collection of Egyptian-treasures, one of the best in the world. We set out in a specially chartered bus, and I was rather dismayed by the amount of pushing and shouting that went on. In my experience of school outings, unless children are reasonably quiet on the way they work up so much excitement that when they appear in public they are uncontrollable.

### Marcia the Trouble-Maker

However, we embarked on our Egyptians. We were going round the fascinating groups of figures from tombs, and half the class seemed really interested, when an overgrown child called Marcia decided to take up her vocation of trouble-maker. 'This is pretty boring', she said, 'I've seen it all before. Do we have to stay here and look at all those little men?' Marcia gathered a faction, and eventually I saw her making off with the other belligerents. I could not pursue her through the vasty halls of the Metropolitan and drag her back by the ear, but I found myself with a painfully split mind, half of which was trying to show all the wonders that thrilled me to my faithful little band, and half wondering what devilry Marcia might be up to round the corner. I had glimpses of her chasing her friends round defunct Pharaohs: I heard her whooping from afar: my explanations limped: I dried up: I missed interesting things and had to go back to them: it was all a nightmare, like trying to carry on an intellectual conversation when suffering from violent toothache. I gave my earnest students time to draw and take notes, then led them back to the front hall, but Marcia and her crew were missing. We were working on strict time-limits, as they had to be back for the next lesson, and if I failed to bring them back in time, I would be marked out as an inefficient person. I was deep in the feeling of exasperated impotence known to every mother or nurse who has dealt with naughty children, when I caught sight of her careering across the Assyrian room, far in the distance. 'Marcia, come here', I shouted at the top of my voice down the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults of the Metropolitan Museum. Somnolent attendants jumped, visitors dropped their note-books, everyone turned to stare at us; but Marcia came.

One result of all this was that I had to be considerably more rigid and perhaps dull than I like. At home, with a more reliable attention-standard, my best moments, and theirs, are often completely spontaneous and extempore, like those that come in discussions between friends. But here I had to have a very rigid plan laid out beforehand of what I was going to say, and what ground we were going to cover, or they would have driven me crazy. This was a pity, because with a little more breathing-space it would all have been so interesting. Their ideas and reactions on the occasions when they were reasonably quiet were often sensitive and brilliant. When I read them 'The Forsaken Merman' there was dead silence, everyone as deeply attentive as a devout congregation in church, and afterwards they showed that its sea-coast feeling was part of their inheritance. 'It's like some place in Maine', said Juley. 'The little grey church on the windy hill'—say, that's good. You can see it all'. On another occasion they took my breath away. We were discussing the Peloponnesian War, and they were being very perceptive about the Greeks' too great emphasis on freedom and individuality, which would not allow states to combine. I mention France. 'Yes, that's right', says Toinette, whose family have a French background. 'Mayer has fallen, and no one knows who's coming in

next'. 'It'll be bad if France goes on like that and there's a war', says Beth. 'Wars!' says Alice. 'I've heard someone say that the next war but one will be fought with stones—that's what we're coming to'. 'You mean, the next war will be fought with atom-bombs?' says Lydia, not quite catching on. 'Sure!' says Alice, her pale little face hard with intelligence. 'Atom-bombs for the next war, but after that there'll be nothing left, so they'll have to fight with stones'. And these are the eleven-year-olds.

The queer thing is that since coming home I have had the most delightful, interesting letters from Juley and Beth. You would think I was their best friend, and always had been. 'Say not the struggle naught availeth': perhaps we have made something of this year after all. Bless their wild little hearts; I certainly shall be interested to know how they grow up.—*Home Service*

## The Future of the Railways

By GILBERT PONSONBY

RAILWAY FREIGHT CHARGES are to go up again—this time by 10 per cent.—on March 1. These increased rates give a special significance to the consultations between the B.T.C. and the three great railway unions to make British Railways more efficient; and the meetings to examine the wage and salary structure of the industry particularly with a view to introducing added incentives. It is widely felt that the wages received by the more skilled railwaymen are not sufficiently different from those in the less skilled grades and that these less skilled men have consequently not enough incentive to seek promotion.

In view of the fact that Parliament requires that the railway must pay their way, I do not consider it wise or fair that the railways should any longer be called upon to run any services which do not pay. Take, for example, our old problem of the branch line. There is always the small minority who would like a branch line to continue, but the very fact that these lines are hardly used shows that most people have gone over for good to travel by road.

It is my view that throughout the whole country there is an untapped demand for a simpler type of railway travel; indeed, on certain routes for a new austere standard. Take meals, for example. Why not extend a simple, compact, buffet service offering adequate but much cheaper meals? A dining car service is very expensive to run and does not necessarily pay. A buffet, on the other hand, can be run, I am told, very cheaply. Moreover, it takes up much less space and so releases space to carry more passengers.

And on this subject of space: can we really afford to seat only three aside in a compartment of a corridor train? Would it not be better—and more in accord with the popular wish—to raise the number to four, and so eventually, one hopes, reduce fares? Many of the rising generation are growing up without having acquired the railway habit; they simply cannot afford to pay the fares. By adjusting standards, paring away a little comfort here and there, perhaps considerable economies could be made. And if we can persuade people to travel by rail in greater numbers and fill the trains, then costs will fall and so offer a possibility of further cuts in fares.

Turning now to the problem of freight: every trader requires his own particular combination of service and price. For instance, tomatoes must reach the market quickly or lose much of their value. On the other hand, in the case, say, of coal and iron, speed might well be of little importance compared to the cost per ton per mile.

We have all seen groups of porters who appear to be hanging about on the platform with very little to do. This is just the kind of question the new efficiency committee will presumably be ready to investigate. Personally I think there is little room for economy in this particular field, but it will be interesting to see whether the committee has anything to say about it. Naturally, the problem of manpower on the railways is very important, since wages, along with coal and steel, form the major part of railway expenditure. It is reassuring to know that the men are also being brought into consultation over the enquiry into the wages structure. My own hope is that out of these wages talks, the way for promotion for the more able and enthusiastic man—the type that is prepared to work very hard because he loves it—should be made much wider than at present. Let us at least be glad about this; for the first time in railway history labour is really co-operating with management in trying to solve some of the managerial problems of this most complex and harassed industry.—*From a talk in the Home Service*



# NEWS DIARY

February 10-16

## Wednesday, February 10

Mr. Molotov puts forward proposals for a fifty-year European collective security pact

British railway freight, dock, and canal charges to be increased by 10 per cent. from March 1. Workers on underground and other railway services in London are given a 6 per cent. increase in pay

Signor Scelba, the Christian Democrat leader, forms a Coalition Government in Italy

## Thursday, February 11

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announces that no further changes are to be made in purchase tax in the Budget or before it

The National Union of Mineworkers accepts wages offer by the National Coal Board

Commons debate take-over bids

## Friday, February 12

Foreign Ministers in Berlin discuss Austrian treaty. Mr. Molotov says that the occupying troops must remain until a German treaty is concluded

The Minister of Health makes a statement about the relationship between heavy smoking and cancer

A Pools Betting Bill sponsored by a private member is given a second reading in the Commons without a division

## Saturday, February 13

Foreign Ministers reject Soviet proposals for an Austrian treaty

The Colonial Secretary and the C.I.G.S. are to visit Kenya at the end of the month

French aircraft in Indo-China attack Viet-Minh forces advancing on Luang Prabang

## Sunday, February 14

Foreign Ministers decide to end the Berlin Conference next Thursday

The French Minister of Defence inspects fortifications around Luang Prabang

## Monday, February 15

H.M. the Queen opens Australian Federal Parliament at Canberra

Commons debate programme of expenditure on roads

Mr. Eden speaks in Berlin on Mr. Molotov's proposal for a European security pact

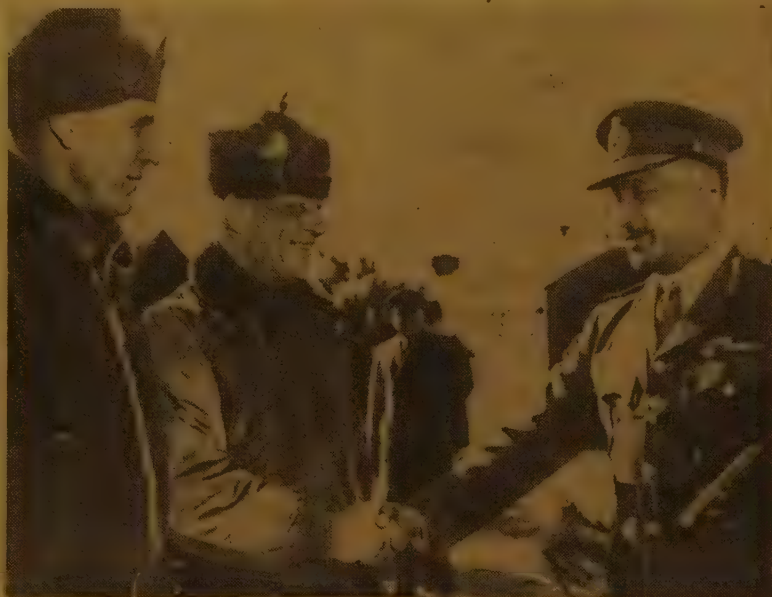
## Tuesday, February 16

Austrian Foreign Minister tells Berlin Conference that his Government rejects Russian proposals for peace treaty

Select Committee of House of Commons recommends increase of pay for M.P.s from £1,000 to £1,500 a year



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visiting the Broken Hill iron and steel works (one of the largest in the Commonwealth) at Newcastle on February 9, during their tour of New South Wales, last week, which took them many hundreds of miles by air and road. On Saturday they arrived in Canberra, the Federal capital, where, on February 15, Her Majesty opened a special session of the Commonwealth Parliament

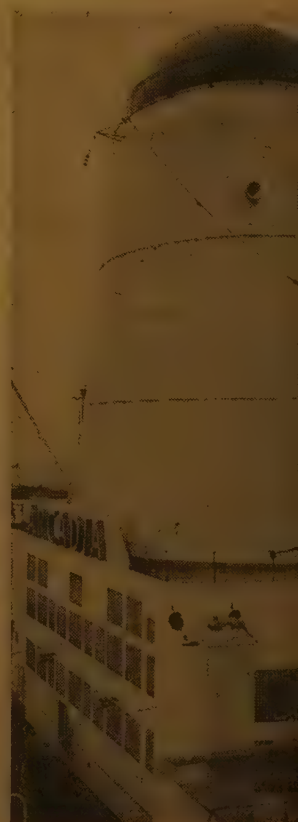


General K. S. Thimayya, Indian Chairman of the Repatriation Commission in Korea (right) shaking hands (after a farewell luncheon in his honour at Panmunjom on February 6) with General John Hull, United Nations Supreme Commander in the Far East. On the left is General Maxwell Taylor, Commander of the United States 8th Army in Korea. General Thimayya is due to leave Korea at the end of the month

Right: the funnel of the new P. & O. liner *Arcadia* (29,734 tons) which is being prepared at Tilbury for her maiden voyage to Australia next week. The funnel is specially designed to carry fumes well clear of the decks



The Palace at Luang Prabang, royal capital of Laos, in the early part of this week was being visited by French military forces. Laos is being visited by French military forces. Laos is being visited by French military forces.







Herr Leopold Figl, the Austrian Foreign Minister (left), photographed in Berlin last week when he attended the Foreign Ministers' discussions on an Austrian treaty. Despite the 'Western Ministers' concessions over points under dispute with Russia in the draft treaty, agreement had still not been reached early this week. The conference is due to end today



Kenya's new Parliament building at Nairobi which was opened on February 16 by Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya. A delegation from both Houses of the British Parliament attended



Members of some of the regiments who took part in an Army Exhibition in Belfast last week: left to right: two Enniskillen dragoons; a 'frogman'; a piper of the King's Own Scottish Borderers; a gunner of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery; a drummer of the King's Own Scottish Borderers; a bandsman of the Royal Ulster Rifles; a sergeant of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; and a member of the Airborne forces



A landslide at Blaina, Monmouthshire, is threatening to engulf the homes of twelve families who live on the mountainside there. The photograph shows earth and boulders encroaching on the houses which have now been evacuated. The mountain is in a remarkable state of movement and the contours of the land change daily

Left: a 110-foot fractionating column (for a new oil refinery at Bombay), on its way from Greenwich to London Docks last week-end. Owing to its size the column had to make a roundabout journey of fifty miles



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## The Teller and the Told

Sir,—As a mere layman with a love of letters, I was greatly comforted by Mr. Martin Armstrong's observations in 'The Spoken Word' on the first two talks in the series 'The Teller and the Told' by Mr. Owen Holloway. Reading the talks in THE LISTENER, I had exactly the same 'uncomfortable experience' that Mr. Armstrong describes, finding myself 'very much in the dark', and wondering, like him, if I am too dense or Mr. Holloway too involved or too clever.

His latest talk on 'Distinction of Persons' I have read attentively several times, but though with two exceptions, I am familiar with all the novels to which he refers, I confess that I have 'totally failed to follow the thread'. In particular, I am puzzled by the allusions to Dostoevsky, and the inferences that Mr. Holloway seeks to draw. Whether in fact he is the greatest of novelists, as Mr. Holloway thinks, is an open and perhaps an idle question. An equal claim could be made for Balzac or Flaubert; or Jane Austen, or Dickens, or Hardy; and perhaps a stronger one for his own great countryman, Tolstoy. But the assertion in this context that 'literature has no clear-cut ethics: the presumption will be that the individual is an enigma' surely requires much more amplification and valid evidence. The ethical doctrine of Dostoevsky, as expressed in his novels, is surely not in doubt, and the enigmatic character of his creations may more easily be ascribed to the fateful circumstances of his own life.

In my own edition of *The Brothers Karamozov* (Constance Garnett's translation), there is no preface, and I cannot trace in the first book of the novel *The History of a Family* the quotation that Mr. Holloway uses in reference to Alexey, the hero, in order to bring out the enigma of his character. Admittedly there are few characters in all his novels that are not 'strange and even eccentric' and all are 'remarkable'; but to most readers, I am sure, Alexey Karamozov is far less 'enigmatic', far less 'strange and eccentric', than Raskolnikoff, Prince Muishkin, and Stavrogin, the heroes respectively of his other major novels, *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, and *The Possessed*.

Again, Mr. Holloway while rightly deprecating a view of art that makes it 'merely a matter of the contrast of personalities, or even of temperaments' instances the 'eighteenth-century liberal, the nineteenth-century conservative, or the prophet, of no time at all—Stendhal, Balzac, and Dostoevsky'. The names are in strange juxtaposition, but stranger still is the suggestion, if I understand him aright, that Dostoevsky is the prophet of no time at all. True, what has happened in Russia is very different from what Dostoevsky had dreamed and had hoped. But, as Middleton Murry has written, 'the true prophet is not he who foretells events in the world of Time, but he who makes the advised human soul conscious of the momentous and eternal issues which are decided in itself. Dostoevsky, if he could return to look upon Russia today, could say with truth that he prophesied only too well'. It may be that, after all, this is precisely what Mr. Holloway means.—Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

JOHN L. HARDIE

## Camden Town Group

Sir,—I notice from THE LISTENER of February 4, that the Camden Town Group Exhibition (organised and being circulated by the Arts

Council—although this is not mentioned) is reviewed at Edinburgh, and the reviewer comments that this is one of the most comprehensive exhibitions of the group which he has seen.

I could not help wondering, first, why it should be Edinburgh which was chosen for a notice of this group of London artists, and, secondly, why it is that the group has never, as far as I know, been honoured with a full-scale exhibition in London since the days of their own three shows in 1910-1911. The present exhibition goes no nearer London than Cambridge, and although it appears from the catalogue to be a very good and typical representation of seven of the artists forming the core of the group (Ginner was left out presumably because of the memorial exhibition of his work also now circulating), the exhibition is not restricted to the main period of 'Camden Town' influence.

It was hoped that a London showing might be secured for the exhibition of the Camden Town Group organised at this gallery in 1951, but this proved impossible for several reasons. I still hope we may see a London exhibition including, as this one did, the work of all seventeen members of the group, and similarly restricted in the main to the years 1905-1920.

Augustus John was a member as well as Sickert; he and Walter Bayes, Duncan Grant, Henry Lamb, Wyndham Lewis, and William Ratcliffe are still alive, and the group lives on as an institution in its successor, the London Group. London should certainly have a full-scale exhibition of the Camden Town Group, which contained many of the finest painters of the time, and whose influence was vital at a period of low-ebb in English art. The beginnings of a return to realism would make this a highly topical show, and help to clarify the group's real achievement as something a great deal more than a preference for purple-stained palettes, back bedrooms, and Mornington Crescent, more even than Sickert himself.—Yours, etc.,

M. A. PALMER  
Curator

Southampton Art Gallery

## Portrait of Ibn Saud

Sir,—The letter from Mr. K. R. Hayward shows that I telescoped into one the two or even three visits paid to Egypt by Ibn Saud within the space of less than eighteen months. One should not make such mistakes, but fortunately this one does not affect my point, which depends upon the scope of Ibn Saud's travels. Nevertheless, to be accurate we must say that Ibn Saud's knowledge of foreign affairs was the more remarkable in that he never travelled farther afield than Basra and Mohammerah (1916) and Egypt (two or three visits, 1945-46).

The visits to Egypt had an important effect upon the economy of Saudi Arabia if the story is true that journeys in King Farouk's private railway coach decided Ibn Saud to build a railway from the Persian Gulf to Riyadh and then to continue it to the Red Sea. It would probably be much cheaper to use motor transport, with roads of the 'mix-in-place' type, or oil-surfaced roads such as the American Oil Company is believed to use with great success. The receipt of huge oil revenues, however, made it unnecessary to take only economic arguments into consideration.—Yours, etc.,

Dry Sandford

R. W. BULLARD

## 'The Record Year 2'

Sir,—I entirely disagree with Mr. Hum about the value of the long-playing record, and it seems to me absurd to suggest that it is the 'negation of the true spirit of the gramophone'. Why, may I ask, should records only be used to take the music to bits? Surely it is just as much their purpose to put it together for us. That is precisely what the L.P. record does. It gives us, for the first time, the opportunity to study the readings of great conductors in their entirety, and by repeated hearings to gain quite a new insight into their whole conception of any particular work.

Mr. Hum suggests that concerts on the radio are more suitable for extended listening. I can give at least two reasons why they are not. First, the great disadvantage of a radio concert is that so often we cannot listen to it at the time when it is broadcast—or we are liable to be interrupted. By contrast, the L.P. record enables us to have our concert at a time when we know (or at least hope!) that we shall have some leisure. Secondly, for many of us the Third Programme is so hopelessly prone to distortion, and even the Home Service so liable to tiresome interference, that we turn with relief to our records, which, in the case of L.P.s, often give us almost perfect quality of reproduction free from any extraneous noises.

As to L.P. publicity adversely affecting the sales of records—it is already abundantly clear that exactly the reverse is happening. New recording companies are springing up on all sides like mushrooms and we are being literally overwhelmed by a deluge of new recordings. Works which we had previously despaired of ever hearing are now being recorded not once but even twice over! This can only mean one thing—that the L.P. has revolutionised the gramophone industry, and given it an entirely new lease of life.

Finally, I have not found any great difficulty over pin-pointing particular passages on an L.P. record. It is merely a question of remembering that the grooves are smaller and more closely spaced. If the operation is carried out with care, there is no reason why damage should be done. No—I think Mr. Hum must throw his prejudices overboard and buy an L.P. player! It only costs as much as four symphonies on standard records, and, once it is bought, provides endless pleasure.—Yours, etc.,

Bicknoller

HILARY DUNN

## The Author of 'The Golden Bough'

Sir,—Dr. Wright does well to remind himself that the purpose of his first letter was to discuss the scholarly research of the author of *The Golden Bough* since it was his own side attack on 'present dogmatic apologists' which suggested a more polemical purpose. No one, as far as I am aware, has ever doubted the scrupulously scientific approach of Sir James Frazer. All I was anxious to maintain was that understanding of the nature of myth and dogma has progressed considerably since his day, and along the lines I briefly indicated.

As for Lord Raglan, his comments rest upon two major confusions, first, as to the meaning of what I wrote, and, again, as to the relationship of religious belief and historical evidence. I was in fact dealing exclusively with the epistemology of myth, that is, as a valid means



of experiencing reality, and for this reason I avoided all reference to the historical experiences or events which may underlie it. In this sense the reality of myth is of the present and not simply of past history. The reality, for example, of the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection does not lie in an examination of all the available documentary evidence of the actual event, but that men have experienced Christ as a living presence for nearly 2,000 years since that event. Indeed, I would personally go so far as to say that historical evidence is always secondary to experience. That is not to say that historical evidence is unnecessary or that the historical basis of a myth cannot or need not be examined. The Christian may indeed be intellectually strengthened by the historical vindication of the events which lie at the back of his creed, but I doubt very much whether anyone has ever accepted Christianity merely by carefully sifting the historical evidence.

Surely the relationship between historical

evidence and religious belief is usually one of '*fides quaerens intellectum*'?

Yours, etc.,

Ilkeston

GERALD WALTERS

### Winter Harvest

Sir,—I was surprised to read the recent letter from your correspondent, Mr. R. C. Lambeth, the Rural Industries Organiser for Cambs., Hunts., and Isle of Ely Community Council. His statement that Norfolk reed is a 'pretty-pretty' material which originated on summer houses and cricket pavilions and has spread in our lifetime only into other parts of the country is truly amazing.

May I invite Mr. Lambeth to leave the boundaries of his own county, in order to see the many fine churches, barns, complete ranges of farm buildings, large houses and cottages alike, which are and always have been thatched solely with Norfolk reeds. In the Broads area whole

villages—Woodbastwick, for example—are thatched by reed which is the traditional roofing material of this part of East Anglia.

One firm of Norfolk reed thatchers has for generations been thatching in local reed since the twelfth century. This firm recently removed the thatch from Coltishall church which had not been re-thatched for more than 200 years, and was in fact tied with brambles which alone showed proof of the great age of the thatch.

Mr. Lambeth claims that the combed-wheat reed, peculiar to the south-west, is every bit as efficient and picturesque (here he admits efficiency) as the Norfolk reed. This roof covering is, to the best of my knowledge, a very recent innovation, is still almost in the experimental stage, and as yet has had no chance to compare with the Norfolk reed for efficiency and length of life.—Yours, etc.,

Horsford

M. ELSON

Chairman, Norfolk Association of Reed Thatchers and Reed Cutters

## Gardening

# Pruning and Planting

By F. H. STREETER

**D**ESPITE the very cold spell we have had, some plants, especially climbers, are forward. Clematis, for instance, are forging ahead, the Jackmani and viticella groups should be pruned right back to within, say, six inches of last year's growth and pruned to two or three eyes. Sometimes the growths spring up from ground level; in these cases cut them right back. Also cut the texensis group back to the living growth just above soil level.

The florida, patens, and Montana groups require entirely different treatment as they flower on the previous year's wood only. Their long shoots should be carefully trained to cover the trellis, and dead wood removed; aim at getting them spread evenly over the whole space they have to cover.

Another job that pays for doing now is transplanting the groups of snowdrops. They are in full flower and it may strike some people as an odd time to interfere with them, but if you want them to naturalise themselves this is the best way. Leave the old flower-pods on and let the seed fall on the ground, then up will come the young plants all over the place making a perfect carpet, and what can look nicer at this time of the year than a sheet of white snowdrops?

Of course you had your digging finished before that frost came, but whatever you do, attempt nothing, not even walking on the ground while it is recovering from the thaw. When it is dry enough, the first thing to think about is the onion bed, and there is no ground that needs greater or more careful preparation than for onions. Very lightly fork it over both ways, that is lengthwise and across, only about four inches deep. Allow it to dry and then firm it by treading with your feet. Some say you should run a light roller over, but take my tip and tread it: the roller, I find, makes it wavy—you want it level and true. Next rake it over and take off all the coarse material and then give it a good dressing with dry wood-ash and soot.

Drawing the drills is the next step. Make sure your bed is absolutely square. If you are not an expert at this job I should put a peg in each corner and see the measurements are true and then start at one end by putting down the line (you must use a line even if you have been growing for a lifetime) and draw the drills very shallow, one-third of an inch is plenty deep enough, and twelve inches between each row and ten rows to a bed is plenty. If you want

more, allow an alley two feet wide for working and then another bed, and so on until you have enough room filled. Next comes the sowing of the seed very thinly. Onion seed is generally sown far too thickly—by thin sowing you give the bulbs a far better chance to develop into good specimens. You should never thin them, especially on light soil, because you cause a hole in the soil into which the fly can get and lay its eggs, and then the plants soon get the onion maggot, a beastly thing. As soon as the bed is sown lightly, cover the seed, scuffling the fine soil in with your two heels along each row. Having covered it in, rake the whole bed over leaving it true and level.

Towards the end of the month start with your successional crop sowings, and do not put in too much at a time; it is far better to put in one row of peas every three weeks than the whole lot at once. Aim at having really nice fresh vegetables and salads every day when they are in season. Always sow varieties in their proper sequence: first earlies, second earlies, main crop, and late.

You can sow another row of longpod broad beans—do not forget, give them plenty of room; three or four rows of short-horn carrots—there is plenty of choice—you will be surprised how quickly they come up and are fit for use. Make sure your shallots have not lifted out of the ground, but if they have, do not worry, push them back. You may find, too, that they have shrunk and gone a little soft, but do not worry about this either, they are just starting.

Look after those autumn-sown lettuce plants. They will need going over carefully and any dead leaves removed, and you might just dust them over with a little powdered lime. Run the Dutch hoe between the plants as you finish them, and try to get them growing. Never overdo your lettuce sowings during the spring. A few short rows planted often is best; remember to sow thinly, thin the plants down to twelve inches apart, and let them mature where you sow; save yourself all this transplanting and you will gain time. Grow good-hearted varieties, not those great green-leafed things. Now and again have a row of the small, self-hearting cos—that nutty-flavoured lettuce. It is always best to take out a four-inch trench for cos because they need plenty of water in the hot weather.

Here are a few final suggestions: Get enough soil ready for seed sowing: do not wait until you need it. Give the paths a really good rolling

once the frost is out, especially if they are gravel. Do not touch the grass paths yet. Clean off your old cabbage stumps as soon as the crop is finished. Chop them up and put them in the bottom of the celery trench. Get any vacant ground dug if you should have any empty plots. Do not leave it till planting time.

—From talks in the Home Service

## Immanuel Kant

(continued from page 292)

gives several formulations. One of them is: 'Always regard every man as an end in himself, and never use him merely as a means to your ends'. The spirit of Kant's ethics may well be summed up in the words: dare to be free; and respect the freedom of others. Upon the basis of these ethics, Kant erected his important theory of the state, and, further, his theory of international law. He demanded a league of nations, or a federal union of states, which ultimately was to proclaim and to maintain eternal peace on earth.

I have tried, in a few broad lines, to sketch Kant's philosophy of man and his world, and its two main inspirations—Newtonian cosmology, and the ethics of freedom; the two inspirations to which Kant referred when he spoke of the starry heavens above us, and the moral law within us.

Stepping back further to get a still more distant view of Kant's historical role, we may compare him with Socrates. Both were accused of perverting the state-religion, and of corrupting the minds of the young. Both denied the charge; and both stood up for freedom of thought. Freedom meant more to them than absence of constraint; it was, for both, a way of life. Socrates' apology and death have brought to life the idea of a free man—of a man whose spirit cannot be subdued; of a man who is free because he is self-sufficient. To this Socratic idea of self-sufficiency, which is part of our western heritage, Kant has given a new meaning both in the field of knowledge and of morals. And he has added to it further the idea of a community of free men—of all men. For he has shown that every man is free: not because he is born free, but because he is born with the burden of responsibility for free decision.

—Third Programme



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

**R**EALISM was the avowed aim of Charles Ginner, whose memorial exhibition at the Tate closes on Saturday. Yet forty years after the publication of his famous article on 'Neo-Realism'—which declared his intention to be 'the plastic interpretation of Life through the intimate research into Nature'—no one would claim that Ginner partook to any extent of the qualities possessed by those masters who surely must be called realists, whether of the perceptual type, like Degas and Velasquez, or of the conceptual type, like Van Eyck. Ginner's actual achievement lay in his ability to discover in the scene before him patterns corresponding to the mood it aroused in him. It was the achievement of a romantic.

Most of the painting produced by the present vaunted revival of realism has likewise been romantic painting. The word 'realism' must surely mean above all an investigation into natural appearances. A painter using realistic imagery is not necessarily engaged in such an investigation: he may only be exploiting the expressive powers of that imagery. Contemporary realists-up-to-a-point do, to be sure, exist. Coldstream is a realist, in his aloof and rarefied way. There is a measure of genuine realism mixed up in the romanticism and mannerism of both Bacon and Giacometti. Turning to the under-thirties, there is some realism in Michael Andrews' anecdotal whimsies, but the youthful exponents of so-called 'Royal College realism'—among whom Eric Atkinson, now showing at the Redfern, must be numbered, although he studied at the Royal Academy Schools—fail to be realists for much the same reasons as Ginner. The classic case, however, of the young painter who is not at all the realist he would have us think he is, is Paul Rebeyrolle, who, having shown some paintings which aroused wide interest at the Arcade Gallery, is now holding his first one-man show here at the Marlborough.

The preface to the catalogue tells us that Rebeyrolle puts his faith in a 'searching scrutiny of natural forms'. Yet, for all the skill with which he differentiates the textures of things, his drawing betrays a constant failure to grasp underlying structure that hardly suggests his scrutiny to be searching. These are impressive paintings, and their impressiveness lies in the panache and conviction with which the forms are presented expressively, dramatically, within the rectangle of the canvas. This is not the conviction we speak of when we say that an artist has realised the appearance or 'presence' of something convincingly, meaning that we are made to feel that it is *there*: it is the conviction we speak of when we say that a man believes in (rather than believes) what he says, believes in it because *he* is saying it and because he is convinced of his power to project his personality.

A parallel has more than once been drawn between Rebeyrolle and Courbet. And not without reason. But Courbet was no realist, in any other sense than that by which it is sometimes supposed that a painting of a workman or a dead bird must be more realistic than one of a nobleman or a live bird. He was a romantic, because he believed in his own emotions as the ultimate authority. And he was an idealist, the ideal he propounded in his paintings being the plain man's ideal

of the real (reality=sheer weight of lush matter). Courbet's peculiar achievement depended on his exceptional capacity for digesting a wide range of artistic influences and completely assimilating them. Ingres and Delacroix, Gentileschi, Ribera and Zurbaran, Titian and the Venetians: all these influences affected him, and all were transformed by his wonderful sense of style. Rebeyrolle's weakness is precisely that he lacks this ability to assimilate and transform his influences. They confront us undigested—Lorjou, Soutine, Picasso, Manet, Courbet

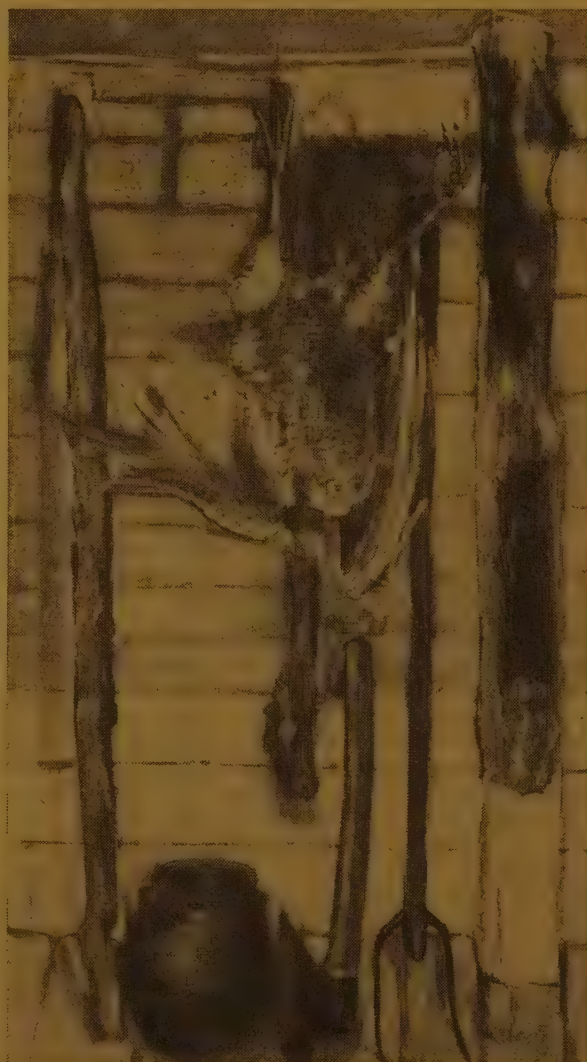
himself. Which is why the final effect of his paintings, for all their display of brute force, is one of artiness.

Of the current mixed exhibitions, the most attractive might be expected to be that of a selection of the Petworth treasures at Wildenstein's. Certainly, there are riches in plenty and variety here, yet the total effect has not the resonance to match the name of Petworth. Perhaps one regrets the cumulative effect of the full complement of Turners seen at the Tate three years ago. Perhaps one regrets the Rembrandts that must once have been the collection's greatest glory. At all events, one comes away a little disappointed.

The original Italian Prints of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries at Colnaghi's, drawn for the most part from the collection of Prince Liechtenstein, include, besides works by Castiglione and Piranesi among others, several of the exquisite imaginings of that true genius of graphic art, Stefano della Bella. The Lefèvre Gallery's latest French miscellany may contain no major work of a major master, but it includes superlative small early paintings by Delacroix, Degas, Gauguin, Lautrec, and Soutine, several bronzes by Renoir, and scarcely anything that is negligible. Its delights are hardly matched by the Pleydell-Bouverie Impressionist collection now on view at the Tate. But this is well worth a visit if only to see one of the most perfect and compelling landscapes Courbet ever painted.

The miscellany at Tooth's is drawn from the British Isles and includes an interesting group of new Spencers, an agreeably spontaneous and painterly Paul Nash, and some fine examples of Sickert, Sutherland, and Matthew Smith, as well as certain exports from Ireland whose journey was not really necessary. The same

peevish reflection is inspired by the presence in the Arts Council Gallery of thirty amateurish efforts lately produced in Wales. Are we not enough fraught with provincialism already that we have to invite these invasions from the meta-provinces? The Women's International Art Club order things much better. In their this year's annual exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries they have included twenty sculptures brought over from Germany, and for this deserve our gratitude, since in Priska von Martin and Christa von Schnitzler they have introduced us to two sculptors with sensibility and a feeling for the medium: the former's bronze 'Portrait of a girl' has a friendly vitality which is quite captivating. The home produce of the W.I.A.C. must also be highly commended. There is nothing really outstanding in the absence of most of our best women artists, but there is a great deal of the kind of unpretentious, spontaneous, instinctively tasteful work which can make a large mixed exhibition a pleasure instead of the bore it generally is.



'Dead Cockerel', by Paul Rebeyrolle, from the exhibition at Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd.



# The Time of Our Lives

The third of four talks on 'The Teller and the Told' by OWEN HOLLOWAY

**I**N my second talk, I took the liberty of suggesting some formulas for the way a reader may be supposed to be involved in a story, and now I want to take another aspect of this. In my opinion, you do not so much need to be made curious as to what will happen next to the hero; it is more important to feel the novelist is developing his own tale, proceeding to his next step regardless of what the hero may have been contemplating.

## 'Character' and Suspense

Of course, we all know what is expected of a novelist by those who read him, as they would say, for the story. If we take our evidence from the first heroic ages of prose fiction, there is less chance of any bones being broken. Let us insist that the case we choose should be that of a man of education: to be perfectly safe, let us have out-and-out intellectuals. For absence of any scruples about quality it would be hard to beat Macaulay, but for a complete clinical analysis, it may be best to pitch on Darwin. Darwin was as arbitrary as Philistine readers always are: he was clear that a novel must contain some person whom one could thoroughly love; he must never be told beforehand how it ended, and it must end happily. You see, in short, what the craving for fiction is like, even in one of the great geniuses of modern times: it must have what it calls 'character' to give the reader a sense that he participates, and it must for the same reason have suspense.

In the history of the drama, it had already been quite a revolution when it was realised that there was actually less and not more interest for the audience if they were kept in ignorance of the outcome, even if that put them in the position of the characters. Diderot came to think it might be worth informing them, from the start, of the whole subject, and so playing off their apprehensions against the characters' innocence of any danger. This led at the time, in the seventeen-sixties, to a rather cheap irony, and much use of the idea of fate. It was all more appropriate for the other art that was then coming into being, namely the novel.

Though you would think, therefore, that no novelist worth his salt could ever consent to satisfy the demands a Darwin made on him, this was precisely the period of the three titans of the art—of Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoevsky. I have already suggested how I think they cured the desire for out-and-out sentimental identification with the characters by developing the poles of first- and third-personal statement, and now I want to show you how there are likewise ways of communicating the sense of a dramatic future that will not nevertheless involve the author in the fiction that this future has not yet happened.

Essentially, a playwright may never have to cope with this problem. The actor in Victor Hugo's 'Cromwell' opens the play by reading out from a letter in his hand: 'Tomorrow, the 25th June, 1657 . . .'. This is play-acting. The fact of the past is conveyed by the heavy irony of pretending to put the clock back. Now contrast the essential presupposition of the novelist. 'This I'm now going to relate', he will say—or words to that effect—'is the story of certain events in 1657'. If it is one of the characters speaking, he would probably add some such phrase as 'when I was a boy', or 'when my grandfather or great-grandfather was at the Court of St. James'. Whatever the gap he pretends to bridge, quite a small bridge in his own experience will do, because by analogy it will also close the gap between your point of view, as the reader, and his, in the story; between first and third person. 'This is the story' gives promise of a living action in a dramatic present, but it does not neglect to remind you that in form it will be a narrative record. There is an extremely charming passage in *Great Expectations* I wanted to use in my last talk as an example of the poetry of 'person', but I did not have time. Perhaps you remember how Joe comforted Pip when he could 'and he always did so at dinner time by giving me gravy if there were any. There being plenty today, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half-a-pint'. Note the artful bridge between what Joe always did in the story and what he did at this point of the action; note the 'today': it is a present but

also *the* past; 'that' day. Everything in a good novel should be dual, like that.

Richardson once made one of his imaginary correspondents say: 'Though this was written afterwards, yet I write it as it was spoken and happened, as if I had retired to put down every sentence as spoken. I know thou likest this lively *present-tense* manner'. Of course that was only the form, not the content: Richardson must secretly have realised that his characters' present tenses must be understood as a past. The same form that he sought emerges once more with the 'silent monologue' of James Joyce, but one eminent writer praised the first stream of consciousness novel for having, as he put it, 'clutched the moment by the throat': he did not choose to discern the challenge there is in the time-lag between experience and the awareness of it. Events in a novel do not just take place. What is really going to matter to the reader is the way he is let into them.

No story could get told if the teller of it had not come to some conclusion about the respective places in it of two points of view—he himself so to speak at the end and his audience still at the beginning. There is something very unsatisfactory about the story-telling of an actual child, who is no Pip in *Great Expectations*. Take any youngster under the age of seven. Once he has satisfied himself of something, he will assume his audience is equally cognisant of the facts. The terms 'and then' or 'because' in his tale will merely indicate how he himself is recalling each detail: they do not mean sequence in any other sense of cause and effect. I am not being cynical or superior: you will find the whole business in the loving study of child behaviour by the Swiss psychologist Piaget. To the child, he says, the same person at different times in its tale is either exactly the same, in which case any difference seems to it immaterial, or else the several appearances are enough to constitute several altogether different people. What the adult can and the child cannot reconcile is the presence in time of the same in the different and the different in the same: it cannot grasp change. Change is the difficulty in a story: that is why I am talking of a specific language of time in the novel.

## Conceptual Awareness

Perhaps you think it peculiar I should have said that a vivid sense of imaginary action is not an end in itself. But think a moment of the film, which is also a narrative art even when no voice assumes the role of a narrator at another time. The apparently simple film image has a dual meaning, contrasted with a televised sporting event, which is just the present and nothing more. Intrinsically, of course, both film and television image are present; the characters live and move before your eyes. But explicitly something in the film makes it more than a succession of memorable events: no scene has absolute meaning, but only its relative place in the story. Test this by supposing yourself going into a continuous performance in the middle of an item. After you have settled into your seat, the first thing you see on the screen, let us say, is a picture of what looks to be a factory hand doing something to a machine. This will be unexciting enough if it is only a documentary about how chocolates are made, but it will turn out to be of thrilling importance if the factory and the person are known individual features of a story of adventure called *Sabotage*. Everything, in short, depends on the context; nothing ever emerges from the one image itself. In drama, for a good part of the time you may be perceiving, viewing, but a narrative is through and through conceptual awareness.

I know many a story begins by the novelist saying, as in a historical romance, 'Let's pretend we were alive at the time'. But the formula of 'once upon a time' is not play-acting. One of the biggest enterprises a modern man of letters has ever engaged on, comparable to the epics of old times, was the revival of the past by Tolstoy in *War and Peace*. In his own experience in the Crimea, he had been surprised by the flattering account an officer tended to submit after the battle, of how things had gone according to plan. A soldier cannot at the time understand the engagement like a historian. The historian has equal difficulty



in grasping the matter of life and death it was when the impersonal order of battle was adapted by each one of thousands of combatants according to his own lights and intentions. It was at the time of this book of his that Tolstoy came across Stendhal's account in *The Charterhouse of Parma* of how his adolescent hero took part in the Battle of Waterloo, without of course knowing it till afterwards.

Incidentally, it is interesting to know how Stendhal himself came to think of this ingenious idea. At one period of his life he used every Thursday to visit a lady and give history lessons to her two daughters (one of them later became the Empress Eugénie). On those evenings, the children were allowed to stay up an hour after the usual bedtime, and you can imagine them in their long pigtailed sitting one on each knee of Stendhal, and their excitement when he got to the Battle of Waterloo. It was a happy inspiration of his to tell it as it might have been gone through by a boy of their own age who had been in it. But when Stendhal went over this later in his novel with the little girls in mind (one in particular figures in a footnote) he did not just put the clock back to 1815 by reproducing literally the boy's impression. He had his own story to tell, not just the fact and his own ironic judgment of it.

### Story Within a Story

I think the best formula of all is still the story within a story (it is striking how often Faulkner uses it). The mere fact of the story's being unfolded may start up some more commotion in it, as it usually does in the detective story. The most beautiful example of this type of thing, to my mind, is still Gide's *Pastoral Symphony*. He played a trick on his readers that he may have found in a work called *Guilty or Not Guilty?* by Kierkegaard, in which the imaginary author keeps a double-entry journal: 'What I write in the morning', he is made to say in it, 'is the past, and refers to the past year; what I now write—these night thoughts of mine—are the diary of the current year'. Now Gide's story too is ostensibly a journal, begun in the first place to serve the imaginary writer in recalling for his own pleasure the course of his relations with a little blind *protégée*. The very operation of writing all this out, however, is found to bring about new developments: the diary indeed chronicles them, but their true significance is more and more hidden from the writer, and must be read between the lines. At last the day comes when he cannot get away any more from the truth that the reader has divined, but runs full tilt against it, as it were suddenly in the opposite direction, into the future: the record becomes incoherent, and then stops short in horror and despair. The events he had been occupied in keeping down have at last gone beyond him.

I should not want to give the impression that I think any novel is merely a clever formula. One danger of narrative is in fact that, like the well-knit problem play, when the inversions in the plot are ironed out you may feel you are only back where you started. Any alternative would be better than this, even the sort of book that begins with the birth of the hero and staggers on till it gets to his death as the excuse for a conclusion. Fast and loose are the two extremes of plot form. The art of the novel is not to forget that, but to reconcile them.

I want now to show a great novel in which two extremes appear to meet, until the writer, who was a true artist, arranges matters. The book I have in mind is the Japanese *Tale of Genji* that has been made into an English classic by Mr. Arthur Waley.

The course of the plot is unambiguously forecast from the beginning in a conversation between the hero and his friends, one rainy night, on the sort of woman they would like to fall in love with. Genji's character has as a matter of fact already been determined, in that he has found himself as much obsessed by the memory of his mother as his father is, so that when the father takes a second wife in the image of the first, the son on his part is drawn into an intrigue with her. Even when time has passed and we find the son now with his own second wife, lo and behold! she is only a niece of this first love of his (the mother substitute) the resemblance being much commented on in his entourage. To make a long story short, his subsequent restless pursuit of happiness, and misery, have their origin in the frustration of his efforts after the unattainable. He cannot, of course, get back where he started, and yet into every new love he seems fated to carry, for its undoing, the memory of some former entanglement in the image of the first fatal one. Each new episode is different, and yet the same.

The theme of the story, you will say, is too obvious: a man's happiness is in his love for his mother, Lilith, Adam's 'first wife' in Jewish folklore; any other union, such as that with Eve, must risk the curse of the original one. A thesis would, of course, be a poor substitute for an inspiration, and were there such a thing in the *Tale of Genji* the

plot would be nothing but a series of illustrations of the life of a frustrated romantic, with each new chapter in it haunted by the realisation that any apparent novelty or change was an illusion that covered an actual identity. Life goes on, of course, outside the personal world of the hero, but it is not the objective passing of time that saves this narrative from embodying a too-exquisite formula. It is the counterpointing of the different planes on which the action may be conceived. Natural are implicitly set against supernatural explanations; individual character against the generically human or romantic course of the hero's amours. One thing more than any other is a test of the author's ability to make out a composition for the materials of her tale in time. How, you may well ask, was she to dispose of her hero, or how to conclude her own tale?

Genji's death, apocrypha to the contrary, she in fact never brought herself to recount. The chapter was simply left blank, and it is the flow of her narrative after the hero's death that represents her triumph as an artist, for it is an epilogue quite half as long as the original story, in which a new protagonist falls in love not merely successively, but in part simultaneously, with three ladies, sisters, too, with their own complicated emotional relationship. There can be only one explanation for this astonishing coda: once having solved the problem of counterpointing the same on the different, there was no feat the author was not ready to try. I think you will agree she understood the reality and unreality of time. I would like to say how important I think this aspect of the novel is.

The paradox of experience is that by the time we can actively notice anything, it is already past, so that as John Dewey once put it, our perceptions are perpetually determined 'by things that we are undergoing, but which we cannot be conscious of under the particular conditions'. If that were all there was, it would be the human tragedy. Novels, I think, show human freedom the way out, by the balance they can set up between the narrative form and what we should like to think was present content. That knowledge should seem to be for ever retrospective is a tragedy only in the individual case, and if (as Balzac suggested) the individual is an illusion, and we take into account the continuity of the process, there are grounds for hope. It is a principle of behaviour, like walking or talking, that something takes cognizance of the use we are making of our energy, and diverts some of it to the job of measuring and correcting performance.

This feed-back characteristic of the central nervous system was first made use of on any scale in machines only some twenty-five years ago, but it has now already revolutionised them, and put purposiveness or at least direction into them. A novel likewise remedies the twin impossibility of looking into the future and of putting the clock back: narrative art, as Sterne said, is 'of a species by itself: two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance'. I believe there is hope in the novelist's picture of a past to which are restored the characteristics that 'freely' prepared for a future, and in an 'action' which—so presented—is an immediate as well as an ultimate good, in which doing for once is not at odds with knowing and thinking.—*Third Programme*

## The Aipple and the Hazel

I told my luve a storie  
It had nae end;  
The aipple and the hazel  
They blumed as ane;  
The aipple was for singin  
And the hazel for luve—  
And aye the white mune ridin  
High above.

The storie has nae endin  
For their luve had nae end;  
The aipple and the hazel  
They were as ane;  
The aipple was a pair bard  
And the hazel his luve—  
And aye the white mune ridin  
High above.

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH  
—From 'First Reading'



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Cromwell's Generals

By Maurice Ashley. Cape. 21s.

'THE MORE ONE STUDIES the lives of Cromwell's generals, of men like Ireton and Harrison, Lambert and Fleetwood, Blake and Monk, the more convinced one becomes of Cromwell's essential humanity, tolerance, and anxiety to do right to the English people according to the light of Providence that always beckoned him on'. These words (p. 244) provide a statement of the dominant theme of this book. Readers may question whether humanity can be imputed to the man responsible for the massacre of Drogheda; but Mr. Ashley makes his claim only for the services rendered by Cromwell to England, and does not attempt to condone the atrocities inflicted on what was then regarded as an alien race.

In this book the author has presented a series of studies depicting the careers of Cromwell's generals, including the two generals-at-sea, Monk and Blake, the biographical details being skilfully interwoven with discussion of constitutional questions and a narrative of political events. We are here concerned with men of action, many of whom were also men of ideas, each contributing his share to an achievement whereby England, if only for a short period, became respected, even feared, abroad; in its subject-matter, therefore, as in its treatment, which combines restraint with robustness, the book recalls the historical school of S. R. Gardiner and C. H. Firth. That school of historians has for some time been displaced by other, probably ephemeral, interpretations; the appearance of Mr. Ashley's book is a welcome sign that a more balanced view of the seventeenth century is in process of revival.

Cromwell's generals are of great interest as a cross-section of English humanity. Three of them—Desborough, Ireton, and Fleetwood—were related to Cromwell by marriage; Whalley was a cousin. Several of them, such as Lambert and Fleetwood, had studied at one of the Inns of Court; even Harrison, perhaps the least educated and certainly the most enthusiastic of the lot, had been clerk to an attorney in Clifford's Inn. Now this is a striking fact about English society in the earlier seventeenth century, that so many men, afterwards to become famous, had been educated at the nation's third university—the Inns of Court. This does not mean that they became trained lawyers; or even that they had thoughts of going to the Bar; but it does mean that they had scraped together some knowledge of common law principle, and some practice in arguing a case, qualifications reflected in their handling of constitutional experiment, and in their schemes for securing the supremacy of law by means of a written constitution, to be guaranteed by 'Custodians of Liberty'. These attempts were to have no enduring influence in England—indeed, many things in our history after 1660 can be explained as the result of reaction against the hated Puritans and the Commonwealth—but they were destined to have great influence among another set of rebels, who were also imbued with respect for English common law principles—the framers of the American Declaration of Independence.

Mr. Ashley, who has an unrivalled knowledge of the sources for his period, has succeeded in bringing the Cromwellian generals to life. Intellectually, the greatest of them all was probably Ireton, but his death in 1651 removed him early from the scene. Monk was certainly the most enigmatic—a Devonshire man who was endowed with more caution than ever fell to the lot of

any Scot or Yorkshireman; his genius was that of waiting on events for just the right time. Harrison, who seemed to live as much in the next world as in this, suffered death as a regicide; Fleetwood, who always waited for the intervention of Providence, and sometimes waited too long, was afterwards more fortunate. In a different class was Lambert, a man of both ability and personal charm, blessed by the devotion and even affection of his troops. After Cromwell's death, he just missed the chance of security and fame that was seized by Monk. Blake, the most attractive of them all, restored the great naval traditions of the Elizabethans and won glories at sea not again to be emulated until the eighteenth century. Most remarkable of them all was Cromwell himself, who performed the supremely difficult task of retaining the allegiance of men who had fought valiantly against the whole principle of the Single Person; the means whereby he did so provide some of the best pages of this book, which well illustrates the value of the biographical element in the study of history. There is an epic and even Old Testament character in the achievement which Mr. Ashley describes.

## Viruses and Man. By F. M. Burnet.

Pelican. 2s.

## Mumps, Measles and Mosaics. By

Kenneth M. Smith and Roy Markham.

Collins. 18s.

Less than sixty years have passed since the word virus was first heard and only twenty since these minute forms of life were first seen. When we remember this, the progress that we have made in our knowledge of viruses is truly astonishing. Because of this the reading of these two books evokes in us the same inner feeling of exhilaration that is aroused by the reading of some success story, so that we seem to share with the scientist the thrill of each fresh discovery.

Sir F. M. Burnet, the author of *Viruses and Man*, is Professor of Experimental Medicine in Melbourne and it is natural that his work should be concerned chiefly with viruses responsible for human illnesses. We learn from him how anti-influenza vaccine is made by the inoculation of hens' eggs with influenza virus and we are momentarily depressed by the news that there is no immediate likelihood of a cure being found for that pest, the common cold. His book is a model of clear exposition but it is the more technical of the two volumes. *Mumps, Measles and Mosaics* covers a larger and more varied field and is as entertaining as it is informative. There is an interesting chapter on the subject of the viruses and the insects, that unholy alliance by which diseases are spread. The chapter headings provide an excellent synopsis of the book: 'How viruses get about'; 'The farm'; 'The Garden'; 'Viruses and Tumours'; 'What viruses look like'. And if any person who has not read this book asks us what viruses look like, we can truthfully reply that they look strangely beautiful. An enlargement of the micrograph of the vaccination virus after being 'gold shadowed' would look well hung in the sitting room. So also is the picture of a clothes-moth caterpillar raddled with virus extremely decorative. And how delightful it is to think that at last we are getting our revenge on that miserable pilferer of our wardrobes. We have only to spray our trousers, or whatever it be, with an emulsion of

viruses and these garments are deadly to the moth and healthy for us for as many as three seasons.

These are interesting and entertaining books, both beautifully illustrated and well worth reading. They deal, moreover, with a subject of the utmost importance to mankind. The viruses are the toughest of all our enemies in the world of the very small. While we have been able to overcome many of the unfriendly bacilli with our penicillin and our new wonder-working drugs, the pathogenic viruses have successfully repelled these attacks. It is quite possible indeed that by slaughtering some of the virus' competitors in the world of bacteria we have done these powerful enemies of ours, the pathogenic viruses, a good turn.

## The Egotistical Sublime. A History of Wordsworth's Imagination. By John Jones. Chatto and Windus. 16s.

This is a difficult, provocative, penetrating, and fundamentally honest study of a great and difficult poet. *The Egotistical Sublime* is a misleading title: Mr. Jones would have done well to set out more clearly the meaning for him of Keats' hypnotising phrase. As it is he presents a stumbling-block at the outset in his own use of a semi-technical, half-homemade vocabulary of philosophical exposition: the reader must tackle this, for, once mastered, it conveys some very interesting ideas. Mr. Jones starts from the thesis that Wordsworth belongs as a thinker to the eighteenth century. An excellent feature of the book is his insistence throughout that Coleridge is the best interpreter of Wordsworth: he accepts as a starting-point Coleridge's title for Wordsworth, *Spectator ab extra*, and this conception of Wordsworth as a mind doomed to isolation and solitude, yet reaching out towards relationship, is the basis for his interpretation of Wordsworth's thought.

He divides Wordsworth's poetic development into three successive phases. The lay-out presents much that is new to a tried Wordsworthian: (1) 'Solitude and Relationship', while full of interesting suggestion, lays unwonted stress on Wordsworth's detachment; (2) 'The Period of Indecision' is stretched backwards unusually far, so as to include most of the Great Decade after the composition of *Lyrical Ballads*; (3) the later poetry, treated under 'The Baptized Imagination', is accorded the serious consideration which has long been denied it.

Honest readers will acknowledge much stimulus and enlightenment and at the same time raise questions. Mr. Jones concedes that Wordsworth was no fool, but insists that he was no philosopher. We agree, but would submit that this acute critic does not carry far enough, nor apply generously enough, his own interest in a poet's thought as distinct from what can be strictly called his philosophy. He dismisses 'the Pedlar's rag-bag necessitarianism' without indicating clearly the interesting place which this strand of thought holds in Wordsworth's prolonged obsession with the relation of man and Nature. Again, in assuming that Wordsworth accepted the idea of Nature as the Great Machine, he by-passes Wordsworth's mystical experience. What is the difference, we must ask, between Pope's idea in the lines so brilliantly typical of his century's attitude to Nature:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole  
Whose body Nature is and God the soul . . .  
and Wordsworth's in *Tintern Abbey*:





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From the Rt. Rev. Professor T. W. Manson, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England:

For a century and a half the British and Foreign Bible Society has laboured to bring the Word of God to men in their own tongues. It is a high service to God and man; and it must go on. The Society's achievement in the past is the measure of our responsibility for the future.



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From Ebenezer Cunningham, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge and Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales:

The success of the missionary work of the Christian Churches depends largely on the Bible being available in every tongue. For a hundred and fifty years the Bible Society has worked for this; may its further efforts be crowned with success.



From Redford Crosfield Harris, Clerk of London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends:

Friends are thankful for the work of the Bible Society through one hundred and fifty years, with all the opportunities of Christian co-operation which it has afforded ever since its foundation. May its fourth half-century of service be no less richly blessed.



From the Rev. H. Bonser, Chairman of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland:

Baptists have always demanded an unfettered Bible and we are grateful to the British and Foreign Bible Society for making its revelation available to the poor of so many lands since 1804. May the celebration of the Society's Third Jubilee lead many to study and obey the Royal Law!



From Montague Goodman, President of the London Bible College:

Surely no greater achievement more potent for the good of mankind can be recorded than that of the British and Foreign Bible Society's dissemination of the Holy Scriptures in well-nigh every corner of the globe. Its effect has already been felt in turning countless thousands of all races to seek after the God to whom the Book bears witness and its future harvest is incalculable.

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And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused . . .

The difference lies simply in the fact of Wordsworth's mystical experience. He has felt a presence; he can say out of his own experience that 'our being's heart and home is with infinitude and only there'. The basis of this is an authentic experience; it became a centre of gravity in his thought.

In *The Poetry of Indecision* Mr. Jones presses too far his indictment of the poet for a narrowing morality. Who finds 'a tiresome snobbery' in Wordsworth's eloquent lines about the compensations of old age in 'The Excursion'? Or 'a stiff-necked and very English stupidity' in his 'Character of the Happy Warrior'? Who will agree that 'even in "Tintern Abbey" there is the Boy-Scoutishness of the little nameless acts of kindness and of love'?—a rude hit but not a true shot, for surely these little acts of Boy Scouts (one daily) are remembered.

The chapter on 'The Baptized Imagination' offers a serious vindication of Wordsworth's later poetry. Mr. Jones perceives that Wordsworth's return to Christianity was inevitable for him, and the religion of gratitude not only genuine and sustaining to his inner life, but a stimulus to his art. He does more than justice to the exquisite art of much of the later poetry. We would only claim that readers should not be scolded for being put off by phrases like 'roseate bloom' and 'imperial front', for it was Wordsworth himself who taught us to distrust them. But the sovereign merit of this critic is that he knows Wordsworth's text intimately from end to end, and has tasted the unique quality of his poetry. The last pages of the book on the poet's language are admirable. He writes of Wordsworth's *busy* prepositions, and of his vital use of the word 'And'. He would endorse Coleridge's remark that with Wordsworth words mean all of their possible meaning.

## The Second Sex

By Simone de Beauvoir. Cape. 50s.

The authoress divides her massive volume into two parts, the first being devoted to an historical survey of woman in the past, the second to woman's present position. Her main thesis is that since the earliest of times woman has been forced by man to play the role in life that he has required of her. She has been conditioned to accept gratefully a position of inferiority and this has been responsible not only for woman's inability to be man's intellectual companion but for many social evils. It has also had injurious repercussions on the sexual relationship between men and women. Simone de Beauvoir starts by disposing of the myth of the eternal feminine—a man-made fable—and then outlines her filibustering campaign:

Next, I shall try to show exactly how the concept of the 'truly feminine' has been fashioned . . . and what have been the consequences from man's point of view. Then from woman's point of view I shall describe the world in which women must live; and thus we shall be able to envisage the difficulties in their way as, endeavouring to make their escape from the sphere hitherto assigned them, they aspire to full membership of the human race.

It would seem, therefore that the ancient war between the sexes is to be revived and heated up. To the male reviewer this would seem to be a pity. Surely the harsh aggressive modern world is in far greater need of those gentler virtues which we have hitherto associated with the feminine sex than of an army of defeminised women.

This is a scholarly book and it bears the imprint of much reading. Many of the chapters and

particularly the chapter on sexual initiation will be of great value to the psychologist. A woman—the male reviewer must be forgiven his prejudice—has a greater sensitivity to the finer shades of emotion than has a man, and no male could have written this masterly analysis of a woman's attitude to the sexual act. In comparison with the authoress' delicate treatment of this subject, the description given by even such a fine writer as Havelock Ellis seems bald and crude.

## Mushrooms and Toadstools

By John Ramsbottom. Collins. 30s.

No British mycologist is riper in experience of all the facets of human interest in fungi than Dr. Ramsbottom. In this book he entertains the curious reader with an erudite and richly factual yet comfortably humorous history of most of the exciting and interesting things discovered about fungi in ancient and modern times. He is not writing a manual for identifying specimens, nor producing a mere guide to the epicurean qualities of mushrooms and toadstools; but so many examples are described and the book is so lavishly illustrated with colour photographs, that these ends are served to an appreciable extent, just incidentally.

The author takes the measure of fungi as foes and as benefactors of mankind. We read of their disastrous attacks on the impediments of jungle warfare: precision instruments, arms, ammunition, food, clothing, and even electrical equipment were ravaged by tropical moulds in the initial stages. There is a masterly chapter devoted to the mythology, history, biology, and biochemistry of the ergot fungus which, as a contaminant of rye, brought death to the hungry in many lands until the secret of its poison was discovered. How that complex of dangerous alkaloids came to be understood and the products of ergot harnessed in the service of modern medicine makes exciting reading. Analyses of various other fungus toxins are given and the symptoms of death-cap poisoning are described in horrid detail, after which the writer takes the obliging precaution of presenting his readers with the telephone number of the Pasteur Institute, from which the anti-death-cap serum may be obtained in an emergency. All popular notions about methods of distinguishing noxious from wholesome fungi are shown to be quite fallacious. Neither the delicious field-mushroom nor the death-cap will blacken a silver spoon in cooking; they both 'peel' and both may be found growing under trees and in more open situations.

H. G. Wells told us long ago of that strange narcotic property in scarlet fly-cap toadstools which, when taken in vodka, produces blue vision. Dr. Ramsbottom retails other stories about the uses of these gorgeous fungi, including one in which there is a lively picture of Vikings eating *Amanita muscaria* with great deliberation so that they should go berserk. The author visited South America fairly recently and it may be supposed that it was there that he acquired his curious information about fungus drugs used in rituals of the Aztecs; back in England, he found that the same narcotics were present in some of our common native species. Epicures who have acquired a taste for ink-caps are advised not to gulp down spiritous liquors immediately before or after consuming a dish of *Coprinus atramentarius*; if they err in this, a substance from the fungus will be conveyed through the medium of the alcohol into the bloodstream and they will become plum-purple in the face.

Fairy rings are explained (they take up the whole of one fascinating chapter). There are accounts of luminous fungi and of stinkhorns which emit rays affecting photographic plates through several thicknesses of cardboard. Other

mycological adventures concern the ravages and cure of dry rot, the story of penicillin, hunting for truffles, the remarkable behaviour of puff-balls, vegetable caterpillars, and the sex-life of fungi. One outstandingly valuable feature which is novel in this book will be welcomed by ecologists: this is a series of notes on the fungi typical of various kinds of country, such as pastures, sand dunes, marshes, and woodlands. The colour-photographs by Mr. Paul de Laszlo are superbly reproduced, and the black-and-white illustrations have been selected from the collections of Britain's most eminent nature-photographers.

## The Overreacher, A Study of Christopher Marlowe. By Harry Levin. Faber. 21s.

All the incarnations of Faust which have been surveyed by Miss E. M. Butler in *The Fortunes of Faust* (Cambridge, 1952) leave the impression of being constructed after more or less plausible recipes, Goethe's Faust himself being no exception. Still there is an exception, Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, because Marlowe's spirit was the very spirit of Faust, so that in writing that play he wrote the drama of his own soul.

Professor Harry Levin has struck a happy definition in entitling his study of Marlowe *The Overreacher* and in reproducing on the jacket the plate with falling Icarus from Geoffrey Whitney's *Choice of Emblems* (derived from Alciat). Other scholars had already drawn attention to tendencies which, after all, are writ large throughout his works. Miss Spurgeon had noticed Marlowe's predilection for the brightest vistas and widest ranges, the dazzling heights and vast spaces of the universe. Wolfgang Clemen had located Marlowe's upward thrusts more concretely in his inclination toward such verbs as 'mount', 'climb', 'soar' and 'rise'. Professor Levin sees in the various modes of expression used by Marlowe's heroes forms of a single trope, which in itself is the exaggerated form of many different tropes, hyperbole.

Following the method of many distinguished American scholars of today (Tuve, Wallerstein, etc.) of referring to contemporary poetics for the interpretation of an author, Professor Levin has found in George Puttenham's *The Arte of English Poesie* an English word for 'hyperbole', 'overreacher', which he has fitted to Marlowe with a stroke of critical genius. It could not have been more happily inspired to throw its illumination upon Marlowe—upon his style, which is so emphatically himself, and on his protagonists, overreachers all. He remarks: In the stricter categories of theology, his epicureanism might have been *libido sentiendi*, the appetite for sensation; his Machiavellianism might have been *libido dominandi*, the will to power; and his atheism *libido sciendi*, the zeal for knowledge. Singly and in combination he dramatised these ideas—these 'highest reaches of a humane wit'—pushing them to limits beyond which no writer had gone.

A typical product of the Renaissance, Marlowe's conception of drama is the reverse of medieval 'tragedy': while in the Middle Ages the protagonist is Everyman divided between worldliness and salvation, in Marlowe we find the *uomo singolare* who sees the real conflict between virtue and fortune; while the chief tragical theme for the Middle Ages was the fall of princes, Marlowe exhibits the rise of commoners. If Marlowe's Tamburlaine and Faustus fall, it is not so much with a view of demonstrating human frailty and the power of the Almighty, as because the fall of a hero seems no less essential to epic poetry (witness Hector in the 'Iliad', Roland in the 'Chanson') than death to a perfect story of lovers (Tristram and Iseult, Paolo and Francesca, etc.). Death had a strong appeal for Marlowe, and cruelty and



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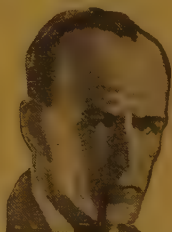
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slaughter are in his plays the necessary concomitants of the thirst after infinite power; in a similar way, one might maintain, love and death are twin aspirations in Wagner's 'Tristan'.

While from the point of view of psychological interpretation his book is the best essay so far written on Marlowe, exception may be taken to some of his philological suggestions. Tamburlaine is modelled not on Homer's Achilles but

on Seneca's Hercules (see M. Praz, *Machiavelli and the Elizabethans*). Professor Levin, following the common opinion, considers 'Hero and Leander' a fragment, but recently Miss Bradbrook in England and Dr. Gabriele Baldini in Italy have tried with some success to prove that Marlowe intended his poem to end there; lack of proportion in it is no proof of it being incomplete, since Professor Levin himself (p. 75)

recognises that the very essence of Marlowe's art, to sum it up with a Baconian phrase, is 'strangeness in the proportions'. For the same reason one could hardly entertain the suggestion advanced in this book that 'Doctor Faustus' is a fragment: its uneven texture seems rather to point to a structure of the *commedia dell'arte* type, with portions given only in outline to be filled in by the actors.

## New Novels

*After the Holiday.* By Louise Collis. Faber. 12s. 6d.

*The Albatross.* By David Langstone Bolt. Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.

*A Gross of Pyjamas.* By Richard Bissell. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

IS not one of the most difficult forms in which to cast a novel that of the deeply felt personal experience? And yet it is constantly used by the beginner. It would be interesting to know the percentage of first novels that contain little or no invention—of plot and incident, that is—but are simply the outcome of a taste for writing, the need to work off resentment, yearning, or spleen and the very natural desire to see the results nicely printed and bound with one's name attached and the chance of money or fame in the offing.

Such incentives often produce readable books: and also, on the part of the writers, what looks like an extremely carefree attitude towards the art of fiction, and a blithe unawareness that they have bitten off more than they can chew, in ten years, at least; these characteristics are found in the approach of Miss Collis and Mr. Langstone Bolt, authors of different calibre but similar inspiration. In Miss Collis' *After the Holiday* one cannot be absolutely certain that personal experience has supplied the greater part of the theme, but that is how it reads; Mr. Langstone Bolt's publishers make it clear, and so does he, that he has undergone rather than evolved some of the ordeals described in *The Albatross*. Thus both novelists show themselves rashly ambitious; Miss Collis plunges into the dark waters of the stream of consciousness with a frail, sensitive, mother-and-daughter story; Mr. Langstone Bolt hammers away in a great-strength-returns-the-penny style at that stock figure, the frustrated creative artist—in this case, oddly enough, a young male writer. Although the complications of their respective subjects have defeated them, both authors write pleasantly and without pretension.

Mr. Bissell, also, it seems (but one can hardly believe this) a beginner, comes out of a very different category. A supercharged, double-edged shock-satirist from the Illinois River, he has written an autobiographical farce that may be classed with *The Producer* and *The Price Is Right*, although his work is less exotic than that of Mr. Brooks and not so astringent or elaborate as Mr. Weidmann's. In fact, *A Gross of Pyjamas* recalls that glorious moment, more than thirty years ago, when Sinclair Lewis sprang, spitting and yowling, out of Gopher Prairie, and set our nerves twanging with his contempt, hatred, and wit. *A Gross of Pyjamas* has neither the range nor the power of the best work of that master; but one can measure Mr. Bissell's horrifyingly funny re-creation of a factory in the Middle West by the standards of *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Elmer Gantry*.

It must be at once admitted that Mr. Bissell has broken all the rules for the composition of a first novel. He has not, it appears, given himself a chance to withdraw from and so assimilate and brood over his material; still superintendent and stylist for a men's garment plant, he is perhaps at this very moment walking past a

couple of Singer operators and gathering such bouquets as this:

'Well, Myrna's baby died!' screams one, feeding elastic into the short-length cutter.

'Pre-matooor, wasn't it?' screams the other.

'No, I didn't hear that'.

'I heard it was pre-matooor'.

'It was only five months'.

'Yeah, I heard it was pre-matooor'.

'No, five months'.

Or maybe he is running through the current number of *Flash*, the Sleep-Tite (Nite-Wear for Lovers-on-Parade and Men of Bedroom Discrimination) sales bulletin:

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The structure of *A Gross of Pyjamas* is spare and utilitarian. Sid Sorokin, a young Russian-Jewish cutter, leaves Chicago to better himself as personnel superintendent of a provincial factory; sociologically he is the middleman, trying to hold the balance between Labour and Capital. He falls in love with one of the hands and thus, when she organises a strike, finds himself ground between the upper and the nether millstone; not only so—but he has added to his troubles by being unfaithful to Labour with Capital's daughter. The climax—the struggle between the factory owner (a tin-foil fighting die-hard, painted to look like iron), the Union representative and the labour-relations consultant—is a brilliant piece of ironic description. The love-scenes, if one can call them that, are weaker; here the author's interest seems to have waned a little.

In such a brief and commonplace story the pitfalls are many; but Mr. Bissell's ear and his powers of selection do not fail. The other major difficulty—the style of the narrative, which is told in the first person—he has overcome by adopting a slangy, elliptical, casual manner, as of an ordinary, lively young man thinking aloud, breaking off to make a point, going back and forth in his memories. The 'I' is one of the most taxing of guides, disastrously employed by the imitators of Henry James (writing with a crochet-hook), of Mr. Hemingway (writing with a meat-axe), and of Mr. Marquand (writing with a rolling-pin). Mr. Bissell's narrator, with apparent disregard of any style at all, conceals an unrelenting self-discipline and a critical faculty more obviously shown in the dialogue and in the condensed, nostalgic, derisive flash-back describing his origins and education in the transplanted Russian ghetto home-life, with its music, religion, and heavily flavoured food, rapidly invaded by the American way, with its dates,

baseball, tuxedos and, above all, its evening-classes—a subject on which the author excels himself:

You mark pants and you go to night-school and you learn Patterns and Grading and ride home late on the South Shore train studying the hockey scores in the tabloid . . . Shapiro makes you a cutter and so you are a cutter and you study more books and go to more night-school and take Labour Relations and Business Law and the History of Everything . . . Shapiro gives you a raise and the designer dies and Shapiro is going to give you a whack at the job . . . and then the next evening at the Union meeting they elect you Treasurer of the Local on account of all the night-school and brains . . . You go to more night-school and take Elementary Time Study, Standard Data and the History of Europe since 1815 and you buy a grey flannel suit wholesale . . . By now you have been to nine years of night-school and there is hardly anything you don't know but you sign up for Personal Problems, Advanced Labour Relations, Quality Control and the Fine Arts of the Renaissance . . .

It would be possible to write many pages (of great dullness) in an attempted analysis of the qualities that set Mr. Bissell above Miss Collis and Mr. Langstone Bolt as exponents of the autobiographical novel; two shots in the dark will have to do. First, might not the English authors' weakness lie in the fact that their central figures—the misunderstood daughter in *After the Holiday* and the doomed novelist in *The Albatross*—are handled by their creators with kid gloves, while Mr. Bissell's Sorokin is manoeuvred with a detachment that appears almost careless? Of course Miss Collis and Mr. Langstone Bolt are too expert and too sophisticated to idealise the principal character: but their approach is reverent and highly charged with sympathy; Mr. Bissell throws his hero on to the table with a blank look, as if unaware of having the ace of trumps in his hand: he leaves that discovery to the reader. Secondly, Mr. Bissell has a kindly, unembittered but total disillusionment about almost every aspect of his theme; this gives his characters and setting a perspective and a solidity not to be found in the work of Miss Collis and Mr. Langstone Bolt, smooth and accomplished though it is. *A Gross of Pyjamas* is more than good entertainment. It is haunting and complete.

Reviewers, short-sightedly peering from their bakelite towers over endless stretches of contemporary fiction, are apt to mistake promise for fulfilment and talent for greatness: to make judgments and generalisations, when a hint or a surmise would be more welcome and more seemly. So, hesitantly, one can but hope that Mr. Bissell will become the Sinclair Lewis of the 1950s: and acclaim one quality common to him, Miss Collis, and Mr. Langstone Bolt—an enthusiasm, a pleasure in writing that might result in better novels.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Newsreel

COMPARED WITH its sound-only counterpart, Radio Newsreel—once esteemed, long since degenerated into a talking shop for purveyors of official hand-outs—Television Newsreel is a wonder of the age. Too few of us viewers, I dare say, realise that it is a daily triumph over many sorts of emergency. Considering the pace of its operations, the pressures involved in preparing five editions a week, it maintains a remarkably high standard of efficiency and of viewing interest.

It is, of course, an illustrated supplement to the news. I now rise to ask: Why cannot Television Newsreel give us the news? A latest bulletin, given either just before or just after the Newsreel, would add to its value as a service to viewers. It would also add to the authority of the Newsreel. There are viewers, I know, who blithely postpone looking at Television Newsreel until the composite showing on Saturday evenings, a mood hardly consistent with the topicality which is its *raison d'être*.

The impact of Television Newsreel is bound to grow as television grows. No doubt thought has been given to the future development of television's news resources. Until some more ambitious action can be taken, there seems no reason why viewers should be required to depend on sound-only broadcasting for the latest news.

Stating a personal preference concerning another aspect of the Newsreel, I wish the producers would relieve us of the pompous patter which has become the official style for its commentators. A hint might be taken from the new-model weather bulletins. The nightly discourse accompanying the charts is now admirably relaxed in tone, while remaining informative as before.

'Driving Club' was the innovating idea in last week's documentary programmes; otherwise, the spirit of enterprise (on which our future so much depends, etc., etc.) seems to have slackened. Perhaps the department responsible has already gone into training for the recessionary period implied by the promised increase of light entertainment: good luck, Philip Hope-Wallace! Announced as television's new motoring maga-

zine, 'Driving Club' had to contend with the likelihood that it was being seen by more pedestrians than motorists. Its appeal was none the less sectional and devout. Raymond Baxter, as usual, talked the language with lucid friendliness. His interview with George Eyston alongside 'Golden Arrow', which looked like the fetish of some remote, untamed motoring tribe, partook of the nature of a pleasant surprise. The symposium on women drivers, on the other hand, bore the stamp of memorised preparation and I developed a nervous fear that Terry-

trovsky which is bound to flare up again soon.

That same accident to the planning arrangements brought before us three young artists whose pictures were discussed by two critics. The artists were more interesting to see than their works: there is always something touching in the spectacle of the young reaching out for the sublime. These three were not particularly eloquent in paint or explanation; typical representatives, one felt, of a generation which must grasp for the light through the glooms and confusions of our time. As the camera took its leave of them, one wished for the power to avert the disappointments to which they seemed so solemnly committed. As for the critics, Colin MacInnes was judicial and frank, a good judge. Barnett Freedman had an amusing twinkle but he was not much of a judge.

One of the prejudices which Aidan Crawley's series from America may be breaking down is that garrulity comes more natural to the Americans than to us English. His housewives of Washington and elsewhere, last week, were the more convincing for not being any more sure of themselves than English housewives would be in the same circumstances. The programme was unfaltering in its appeal to eye and ear. So was 'Press Conference', which had persuaded the President of the Board of Trade, Peter Thorneycroft, into the place of interrogation. His manner was highly professional, almost intimidatingly so; but in his mastery of the subjects brought up, and his firm, decisive style, he earned higher marks than many who have preceded him in these programmes.

Peter Scott's birds of Antarctica were delightful. I could wish his vocabulary richer in describing them. George Cansdale's animals, on Saturday evening, also had their charms but I find his natural history on these occasions a trifle too elementary for my liking.

REGINALD POUND

### DRAMA

#### Thin Cheer

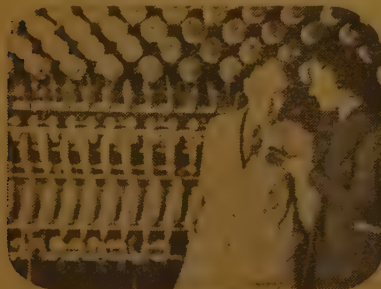
THE PLUMBER is a sharp television critic, trenchant, expressive. A noise like a mixture of sneeze and yawn sent me hurrying downstairs, with the excitement of Jinny Deans at the Relief



'Press Conference' on February 12, with the Rt. Hon. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, answering questions from (left to right) Daniel Duxbury, William Hardcastle, and William Clark

Thomas might come on and cap it with one of his renderings of artisan self-expression. Recalled in that vein, he has amiably ruined many a documentary programme for me. I can believe that 'Driving Club' will prove to be a popular series. Its intentions are sufficiently sincere. It is not heavily instructional. It proves that the magazine idea is not incompatible with television.

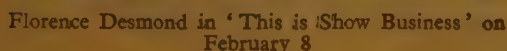
The pleasures of motoring were exhibited to us in the New Forest film, put on in place of the 'Special Enquiry' programme on roads. A sponsored film, with a petroleum brand-name appearing without fear or favour on our screens, it made extremely good viewing. The photography was unusually fine and the advertising content was no more than a garlic touch, lending piquancy, if you like, to a con-



As seen by the viewer: 'Wool' on February 8—a spinning machine, and the warping department; right 'Handle with Care' on February 13—an American bullfrog, and a Mississippi alligator

Photographs: John Cura





On Saturday night the music-hall programme was blessed with Bonar Colleano as compere. Having often complained that these television gentlemen ooze too much charm I should fairly record that so terse a compere came, if nothing else, as a surprise. There was a fair to middling bill, with one genuine droll, Ravel, who charmingly dishonoured with his pianism his great namesake. One remembers the days when Vic Oliver used to do a similar comic turn at the piano, which ended with his trousers coming down. Mr. Oliver is more serious nowadays. Too serious. We, or at least I, do not want him to be guide, philosopher, *and* friend. Let him stick to introducing and backchatting with his 'turns' and cease buttering that muffin, the big heart of British families viewing around their

The music was 'The Dance of the Hours' from Ponchielli's by no means ridiculous opera 'La Gioconda'—superb if hackneyed ballet music here indifferently played, a fate no music, even hackneyed, need endure. It was matched—or rather not matched—set at loggerheads with, choreography which failed to do justice to the opulent and grandiose style of the music and which, worse, was not even executed in time to it. The dance floor showed a clock face and the amount of feeble jumping, jostling, and twiddling that went on here to no purpose made one, like lying Matilda's aunt, gasp and stretch one's eyes. Public tolerance of poor ballet is nearly as high as its tolerance of poor food, but there are limits, and since Mr. Oliver is asking I say they were here crossed.

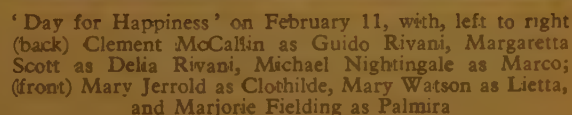


'Queen's Folly', a fragmentary piece about an aristocratic family on which Queen Elizabeth I had put her spell, had some of the appeal of 'Cavalcade' and a good dash of Hospital Fete Pageant theatricals in it. It was written with taste and historical sense but lacked dramatic rhythm and coherence. Tableaux showing the family suffering for their loyalty to the image of the Queen (over mantelpiece) culminated in a modern episode in which the heir was saved from being bankrupt at the hands of the Inland Revenue by marrying a rich American. It was a respectable and often kindly saga, with wigs, duels, ghosts, and toast-drinking, and eyes straying towards the icon (Gloriana) which was most

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Hit or Miss

In some ways, broadcast variety corresponds to the pre-Gilbertian burlesques and extravaganzas. And not merely pre-Gilbertian: he could himself work as an expert in a kind of entertainment he disliked, though always he admitted his lingering pleasure in a pun. He wrote in one of his very earliest plays: 'Each speech should have a pun in it, with very foolish fun in it'. Three of the four gang-show, crazy-syndicate variety programmes I have heard this week sharply relished the skit, the preposterous invention, the 'very foolish fun' (during the eighteen-sixties and 'seventies. I daresay, everything would have been in rhyme). Radio-variety begins well when it sets out to be crazy, when a cast has to stand on its head in front of the microphone. What happens then is hit or miss. All must depend upon a listener's personal response. To try now to define 'a sense







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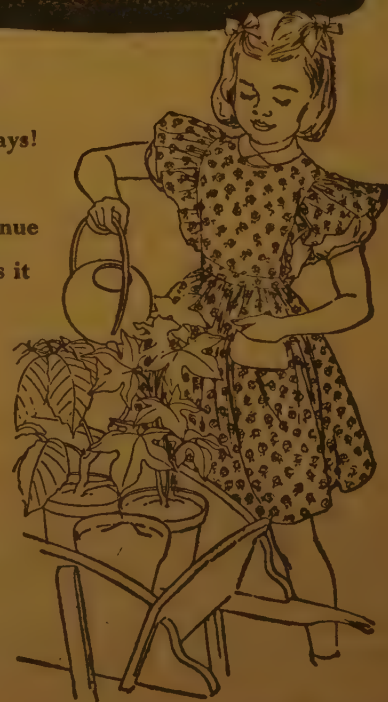
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of humour' with slide-rule precision might take one into odd byways of snobbishness.

Puns, assumed to be unfashionable, are still crackling through radio-variety, if far less loudly than they might have done eighty years ago. Thus, during 'The Goon Show' (Home) we heard, depressingly, of the tomb of 'Tooting Common' (no marks here). In 'Much-Binding' (Home), Dora Bryan, as an authority on plumbing, observed in the most desperate H. J. Byronic mood, 'Your tap is oke—I've never seen your tap okier'. And in 'Take It From Here' (Light) an unshaven Chinese henchman was called 'Blue-Chin-Chow'. Not, I agree, a major week for our librettists (or for the Senior Common Room), though often the quickness of the speech deceived the ear. Players in these programmes have a thrusting, sweeping attack. They take the view, held by William Poel in quite another type of production, that something must be happening every minute. It is remarkable what sheer speed can do. From time to time—if we listen hopefully, accepting the bad with the better—cheerful idiocies flip out that deserve more than a brand of dismissive blanket-snoot, an infuriated 'Nonsense!' After all, what is it intended to be but nonsense?

Regularly, someone seeks to explain very gravely, in academic terms, just what humour is, and why. I should have liked these dear people to have sat at last week's gang-programmes. What, I wonder, would they have made of the Goons? This was a search for fresh toothpaste deposits, urgently needed. One expedition, bound for the Sahara, got a trifle off its course and found itself near the North Pole. Calling 'Who are you?' to a passing ship, it received the answer, 'The Woolwich Free Ferry'. The Goons are air-minded enough to love the sound-effect: used too sparingly in many programmes. So they invited us to listen to the 'moose-horn'. (When a Canadian moose hears the call, it politely rings up its hunter, after reversing the charges.) There was much else: ice-breaking, car-crashes, even—for once in a way—an announcer's teeth dropping out. Why? All in the night's business. Let us hurry on.

'Much-Binding', as a rule more tentative than the Goons, has a winning asset in Dora Bryan's tones for Miss Plum: a cosy yet confident all-right-inside voice. This time the staff of the *Weekly Bind* was having, amiably, its own back on radio critics with a series of Poison Pen awards. 'Take It From Here' was just average. 'Disgusted' and the Glums had their spots, the first much neater than the second: a paternal Jimmy Edwards brought along Marghanita, the teasy Infant Phenomenon; and at the end the team tore its hair in burlesquing the long-lost adventures of someone who reappeared as Dr. Chu-Man-Hu. A yellow fog over London; a deserted tea warehouse in the East End. 'Inspector, the line is dead'.—'Well, sir, we all have to go some time'. Funny? Say fifty per cent., with Jimmy Edwards' voice, now like crusty buttered toast, as my second prize-winner after Miss Plum of the *Bind*. During a fourth programme, the domestic brawling of 'Life with the Lyons' (Light), I was, alas, as merry as a martyr in a Roman arena: more trouble again with that inexplicable oddity, a 'sense of humour'.

To more serious affairs. The freedom, the vigour, of Harry Andrews distinguished an involved and not especially rewarding seventeenth-century drama, 'The Saint and the Sinner' (Third) by Tirso de Molina. 'The High and Mighty' (Home) was intelligent chronicling, with Victoria Hopper's morning clarity as Lady Jane Grey, the nine-days' queen, and Joan Miller's gusty blue-black voice to create in our minds a Mary Tudor to whom we were unused. 'Brother Henry' (Light), a ponderous, made-to-be-told anecdote, capitally acted, left me

thinking with some wistfulness of the work of William Brough and Albert Smith.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### The Domestic Hearth

MY FEELING that last week was wholly given up to unrelieved domesticity is not due to my usual jobs of keeping the home fires burning, doing less than my share of washing-up, and doing a little flippant dusting now and then, nor yet to the extra work involved in nursing back to health a frozen wastepipe. From such baser activities the critic eventually escapes into the more or less gorgeous palaces of the B.B.C. But last week I happened to notice in my *Radio Times* a recurrent item in 'Woman's Hour' called 'How the Other Half Lives'. What precisely does this mean? Who is or are the Other Half? I still don't know, but the subject of the five items—from Monday to Friday inclusive—was clear enough in the sub-titles, namely how two selected housewives from each of five income groups dispose of their income. A good idea for a series. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., who were interviewed on Monday, had incomes under, and both of them considerably under, £250. Next day the scale was from £250 to £500, on Wednesday from £500 to £750, on Thursday £750 to £1,000, on Friday £1,000 to £2,000, and when these remarks appear in print I shall have heard a final instalment dealing with the over-£2,000 group. I listened to all last week's instalments except the one on Wednesday which I was prevented from hearing by a defective memory.

One must not draw general conclusions from such microscopic samples—two out of 9,000,000 in the first group: two out of 625,000 in the last—and if I was struck by the freedom and self-possession with which each of these women responded to the questions put to them, this may be simply because tongue-tied and uncommunicative specimens were not displayed. Perhaps, too, the grouseers were eliminated and so I must not allow myself to be unduly cheered because the two representatives of the lowest group sounded so happy and contented. A revealing impression I received from all the speakers except the first two was that they were convinced that they could only just manage to make two ends meet. When the pair from the £750-£1,000 group were asked how they would set about cutting down expenses if their incomes were slightly reduced, they set up a wail of dismay and declared that it couldn't be done. And doubtless I shall hear the same from the over-£2,000 pair. It was not only a useful but a highly interesting series. I was quite carried away by the succession of humdrum domestic details—rent, varieties of food, fuel, clothes (bought or made at home), yearly holiday, and so on, all straight from the hussif's mouth.

Another broadcast that rubbed in the domestic side of life was James Giles' 'Childhood in Camberwell'. His father and grandfather were natives of Camberwell and he himself was born there nearly sixty years ago and still lives there. His father's pay as a docker used to be 9d. an hour and his mother made 8s. to 10s. a week by working all day in a laundry. Yet it was clear from Mr. Giles' lively description of the home routine that they were a well-regulated family with a proper pride of their own. He described in detail the kind of food they lived on—soup made of bacon-rinds and bones bought for a few pence, with split peas added; and vegetables and fruit discarded by the greengrocer when too stale for display in the shop. Mr. Giles told, too, of the help willingly given to friends and neighbours in trouble: in fact the whole of this admirable talk gave a vivid impression of the kindness, self-respect, and local patriotism of

those among whom he spent his childhood.

A more general survey of the domestic scene was made by Violet Markham and Dame Rachel Crowdy-Thornhill when 'Talking of the Welfare State'. Both of them had welcomed its coming, but at its present stage of development they are disappointed at some of its effects. The reasons they gave for their disappointment were, I thought, perfectly sound. The fact that they were fundamentally in agreement on their subject gave a sharp focus to their conclusions.

In 'The Free Man and Free Will' Maurice Cranston and J. W. N. Watkins discussed the former's book *Freedom: a New Analysis*, published last year. No more complicated theme exists, and, as I switched on, a prophetic whiff of red-herrings seemed to fill the room. But no! It was a beautifully lucid discussion which, though it lasted for fifty minutes, lost neither its way nor its listener's keen interest.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### The Composer and the Concrete-mixer

IT NEVER DOES to complain of the Third Programme's neglect of even the most outlandish or improbable subject. For, almost before the complaint has appeared in print, the busy planners at Broadcasting House have commissioned a talk, hired whatever special apparatus may be necessary, and launched the thing at their audience with a 'Hey, Presto! who says we neglect Choctavian opera?' Hardly have I read the suggestion put forward by my colleague in *The Musical Times* that the B.B.C. has fought shy of 'La Musique Concrète', when the thing materialises before our ears and music becomes concrete. Whereat, I imagine, quite a number of listeners must have shied. Certainly the usually imperturbable announcer did after one of the pieces composed, if that is the word, by Pierre Schaeffer, of pops and plonkings and yowls.

The performance of this well-named 'Symphonie pour un homme seul' was prefaced two evenings before by one of those talks whose solemnity is given an added touch of portentousness by being delivered in the converse of what Gillie Potter described as 'speaking to you in English'. But M. Goldbeck had a hopeless case, whose weakness could not be concealed under a French accent. It is no more possible to create a work of art out of sounds and noises recorded on tape, than it is possible to create one by the arrangement of pre-existing pieces of paper or material upon a canvas. The arrangement may be said to be more or less 'artistic', according to the ingenuity of the arranger. But no picture nor music has been created, only a pattern. And I must add that the example exhibited last week was not even very efficiently executed. One can imagine the process being used wittily or even excitingly. Schaeffer's effort was crude, meaningless (save in the one piece whose meaning was all too clear), and therefore boring. Familiar, too, for I can obtain quite as odd effects by tuning to some distant station any night of the week.

I suppose that Berthold Goldschmidt's Violin Concerto, played by Erich Gruenberg with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under the composer's direction, would seem *vieux jeu* to MM. Schaeffer and Goldbeck. It not only uses conventional musical instruments, but uses them in a straightforward manner without any attempt at novelty for novelty's sake. This seemed to my old-fashioned ears a work of great freshness and charm, full of lyrical invention and effectively written for the violin. The last movement was spoilt for me, because I was bothered throughout by the resemblance of its theme to one in Lalo's 'Symphonie Espagnole'—an unconscious echo which no doubt would



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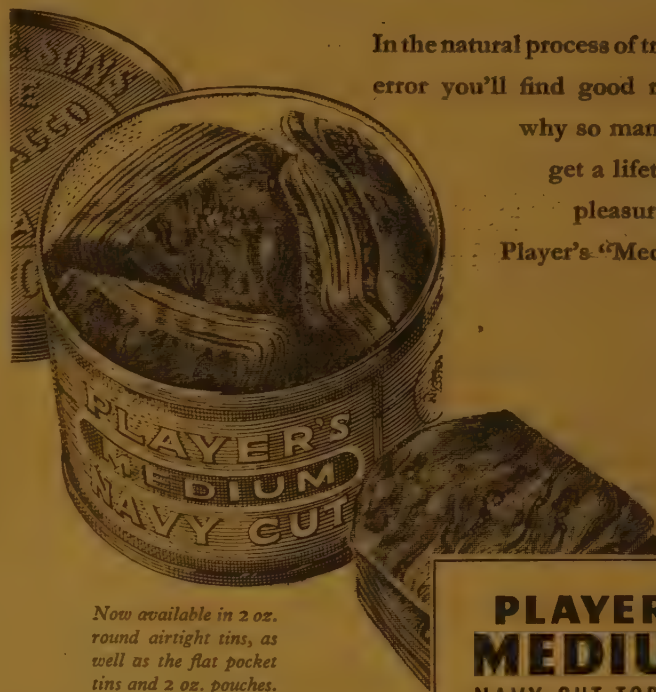
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seem less obvious in a rehearsing of the work. For, in new music, any resemblance to what one already knows tends to stick out disproportionately; when the new work becomes familiar, its own personality (if it possesses one) is found to have absorbed the apparently derivative elements which struck one at the first hearing.

Malcolm Arnold's Second Symphony, which was played in the same programme under the direction of Alexander Gibson, is a less irresponsible work than the First, which verged at times on buffoonery. But, though it is written with the complete orchestral mastery one expects of the composer, it did not seem to me to rise above the level of an occasional piece designed to show off the quality of an orchestra at a jubilee concert. It did, in effect, discover some weaknesses in the regional orchestra which played it—weaknesses

which would have been of little consequence, had the music itself been more substantial.

The concert of works by Nielsen did not substantiate the rather big claims that have been advanced for the always attractive music of this Danish contemporary of Sibelius and Elgar. I mention Elgar because in both 'Helios' and the 'Hymnus Amoris' there were touches of the idiom we have come to regard as 'Elgarian', though it seems improbable that Nielsen could in 1903, still less in 1896, have heard a note of Elgar's music. Bruckner's solidly noble *Te Deum* was given an admirable performance under Eduard van Beinum, who has a temperamental affinity to Bruckner. He also played us the Third symphony of Willem Pijper, whose thickly clotted score suggested concrete in a different sense from that used by Schaeffer.

In the match between the two French Bantam-weights for the Offenbach purse, young Bizet won on points. He displayed something like a style of his own, whereas Lecoq relied too consistently on Donizetti with occasional flattering references to the donor of the purse. Bizet often 'favoured', as they say of children, Rossini, but there were things—the little march, for instance, at the beginning—which could be called both typically French and anticipations of 'Carmen'. The two versions of 'Le Docteur Miracle' made an attractive programme and showed that Parisians are not always absorbed in the pursuit of novelty for its own sake—of the da-da or the ga-ga, whether it be 'pictures' fashioned out of old tins and bits of newspaper, or 'music' consisting of a concretion of distorted noises.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Georg Philipp Telemann: A Prolific Composer

By STANLEY GODMAN

The first of a series of programmes of Telemann's music will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Friday, February 26 (Third)

TELEMANN (1681-1767) was one of the longest lived and most prolific of all composers. His life spans almost the whole period from the death of Schütz to the birth of Beethoven (a direct descendant lives in Munich today). He himself had already lost count of his works when he wrote the last of his three autobiographies in 1739. Menke's *Thematic Catalogue* of his vocal works alone lists 2,382 items which were still extant in over 3,000 copies before the war.

The huge fame which he enjoyed throughout his life declined almost as rapidly as it had arisen. He was so extravagantly hailed by his contemporaries as 'perfect' and 'above all praise' (Mattheson) that a reaction was inevitable. In view of his ardent championship of French music it is not surprising that his success endured longest in France, where he had a distinguished following long before his triumphant visit to Paris in 1738. In his own time critical opinion was already agreed that his greatest service was to have 'introduced the grace and beauty of French music into Germany' (Scheibe) and, in particular, to have popularised and perfected the orchestral suite in the style of Lully. His intimacy with the French language is shown by his correspondence with Graun on the recitative in Act 2, Scene 5 of Rameau's 'Castor et Pollux', of which he wrote: 'It sparkles like a glass of champagne'. The invigorating gaiety of his music also owes much to the Polish and Moravian folk music which he had enjoyed when he was *Kapellmeister* at Sorau. 'It is hardly believable', he wrote, 'what wonderful ideas these bagpipers and fiddlers have when they improvise between the dances. In a week an attentive listener could pick up enough ideas to last a lifetime'. It is interesting to note, too, that one of his unpublished orchestral suites includes an 'English country dance'.

In his own lifetime Telemann outshone Bach and Handel but he was on the friendliest terms with both of them. Bach performed some of his cantatas, and only lately Alfred Dürr has established conclusively that four church cantatas hitherto ascribed to Bach, though with some uncertainty, were in fact written by Telemann. They are no serious loss to the Bach canon, though the exuberant opening chorus of No. 141 ('Das ist je gewisslich wahr') is deservedly popular in an arrangement for two pianos. Telemann's friendship with Handel began when the latter was only sixteen, and even in those early days, Telemann tells us, while 'following the excellent example of Kuhnau in contrapuntal work' he 'often compared notes

with Handel in melodic movements'. Handel was the only English subscriber to Telemann's 'Musique de Table' and borrowed extensively from it. Five years before his death he sent Telemann a box of 'some of the best plants in all England', hoping that his old friend's 'passion for foreign plants' might help to sustain his 'natural vivacity'. Whether Haydn knew Telemann's music at first hand is uncertain, though there is a close affinity between Telemann's cantata 'Die Tageszeiten' (1759) and Haydn's oratorio 'The Seasons', and such works as a recently published string quartet (without continuo) suggest an indirect influence. Temperamentally they had much in common and it is significant that Telemann attributed his musical gifts to his mother's Austrian ancestry. The 'Notenbuch für Wolfgang' (1762) shows that he also had an admirer in Leopold Mozart.

One of the main reasons for his success and the vitality of the present revival is the insight into the character and capacity of musical instruments which his works so often reveal. He tells us that he 'entertained the neighbours on the violin, recorder and zither' even before he was aware of the existence of printed music. Later on he also learnt to play the shawm, the oboe, the flute, the viola da gamba, the double-bass, and the bass trombone. 'Accurate knowledge of the diverse nature of musical instruments is indispensable to the composer', he wrote. It is significant that he played both flute and recorder, oboe and shawm, and the presence in the library of St. Michael's College, Tenbury, of his copy of the second volume of Praetorius' *Syntagma Musicum* (1618) also suggests that his interest was historical as well as purely technical, since that volume contains the invaluable treatise on musical instruments.

Allied with his practical interest in the instruments for which he wrote was his desire that his music should be as 'useful' as possible. 'To be of use to many is better than to write for a few', he wrote in his first autobiography. In the fortnightly periodical *The Faithful Music Master*, which he published in 1728, the 'lessons' were so arranged as to be 'playable on the greatest possible number of different instruments'. Thus, for example, one of the gems of the collection, the exquisite Sonata for unaccompanied recorder and violin, is also prescribed for two gambas or flute and viola pomposa.

On a more advanced level the twelve 'Methodical Sonatas' for flute or violin of 1728 and 1732 offer instruction to the amateur unversed in ornamentation by printing the slow

movements in two versions: first with the melodic line naked and unadorned, then clothed with the 'fixed ornaments' of the French and the 'arbitrary embellishments' of the Italian style. To the twentieth-century ear the fantastic *fioriture* of the second version may often seem to ruin the noble outlines of a smoothly flowing *cantabile* (as in the G major Sonata) but Burney was expressing the conventional view when he stated that 'an adagio if not highly embellished will soon excite languor and disgust in the hearers', and these brilliant works will always remain a prime source for the student of eighteenth-century ornamentation.

The 'Twenty-four Odes' of 1741 (some of which will be heard in the broadcast series) are also intended primarily for the amateur. 'These songs', Telemann wrote, 'require neither the height of the wren's voice nor the depth of the bittern's: they keep to the middle of the road'. That is true, but many of them are rather mediocre in quality. Perhaps the most successful are the chorale-like 'To Doris' and the soothing invocation 'To Sleep' with the beautifully effective change from F minor to A flat major at the words 'Gracious Morpheus'.

A lively sense of humour and farce was another reason for Telemann's popularity. It is evident in such rudimentary programme music as the 'Gulliver' Suite for two violins and the 'Quixote' Overture, and above all in the hilarious comic opera 'Pimpinone', the brilliant forerunner of 'La serva padrona', and in such lively burlesques as 'The Schoolmaster' which music masters are already welcoming for end-of-term concerts.

An affection for nature and a delight in realistic description of its gentler beauties is apparent above all in the cantata 'Die Tageszeiten'. I have already mentioned Telemann's 'voracity for flowers'; the 'Cantata on the Death of a Canary' of 1737 shows that he was also a devoted bird-fancier. The work, which is now to receive its first English performance, consists of four *da capo* arias interspersed with recitatives, of which the last is *accompagnato*. The opening aria, accompanied by a plaintive flute, is a doleful dirge. The recitatives sing the praises of the dead canary's vocal artistry, and a particularly tuneful aria in A minor entreats the whole canary world to join in a chromatic lament. The third aria, a dashing allegro in D major, lunges out in fury at the despicable cat that caused the canary's death, and the final aria, a deeply moving solemn sarabande, sings a last farewell: 'Mein Canarine, gute Nacht'.



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For the Housewife

## 'Tricks of the Trade'

By JEAN CONIL

LET me share with you just a few of the many tricks of my trade. Home cooking need never lack the professional touch. For instance, garnish your roast pork with rounds of fried pineapple (fresh or tinned); baste the pork while it cooks with pineapple juice. You could also stud it with one or two cloves. With your piece of boiled gammon, serve a wine-flavoured brown sauce with a few tinned cherries. And here is another idea: add some sliced (tinned) peaches to a sherry-flavoured sauce to serve with goose or duck. The addition of pieces of fruit and a little wine adds colour, flavour, and excitement to your cooking of a joint or poultry. And it is not expensive, because you need so little.

A tender joint and delicious gravy can be yours if you place a layer of peeled and quartered root vegetables—carrots, parsnips, the white part of leeks—in the bottom of the roasting tray, and the joint on top. While the meat roasts the vegetables will be permeated by its juices, and the gravy is so rich, it makes the mouth water. Try it for yourself with next Sunday's joint.

Sweet things are my great weakness, like most men, and especially Frenchmen! From my childhood I remember the tempting appearance, and the wonderful taste of an apple turnover, made in my grandmother's kitchen, from the apples in her own orchard. Grandmother rolled out her piece of puff pastry, and sliced up the

apples in wafer-thin slices. Then she melted some butter and every apple slice was coated with it. Then they were arranged on top of the pastry, well sugared, dusted with cinnamon, and covered with another layer of pastry. The butter sealed in the juices of the apple slices, and combined with the sugar to make a toffee-flavoured filling which was something quite out of this world.

I think *Crème Brûlée* must be the best of all custards—it is the original one of my childhood days, but pure fresh cream and eggs only are used. This is baked, in a pie-dish, and when done, the top is sprinkled with sugar, and set under the grill to caramelize into the most delicate toffee. Three times this operation is repeated, until a wonderful golden brown crust is formed. I should warn you to set the pie-dish in a tray full of ice before you put it under the grill, otherwise the eggs would curdle.

Remember that you can transform custard into many different sweets. Bavaois mixture, from which such classic sweets as Charlotte Russe are made, is simply custard with melted gelatine added when it is still hot, and whipped cream whisked in just before it sets. It can be flavoured in many ways—with a few drops of rum, sherry, or whatever you like.

To make Zuppa Inglese, an Italian sweet based on English trifle: to the usual custard

add egg white, whipped and blended with sugar syrup (the Italian meringue mixture) and some macaroons; the top is adorned with whipped cream and crystallised violets.

And now, just one more thing—I am so happy that the French blancmange seems to be so popular over here. But, you know, the 'real thing' is not only a type of solid custard—as you all know it. No, it is really a kind of jelly made by pounding skinned almonds to a paste, then diluting this with a little water and dissolved gelatine. Sweeten this to taste and flavour with a few drops of kirsch—and there you have the real French blancmange.

## Notes on Contributors

KARL R. POPPER, D.Lit. (page 291): Professor of Logic and Scientific Method in the University of London (London School of Economics); author of *The Open Society and Its Enemies*, etc.

MAURICE N. HILL (page 294): Fellow of King's College, Cambridge

C. A. COULSON, F.R.S. (page 297): Rouse Ball Professor of Applied Mathematics, Oxford University; author of many research papers on quantum theory and theoretical chemistry

## Crossword No. 1,242.

## Kings and Castles.

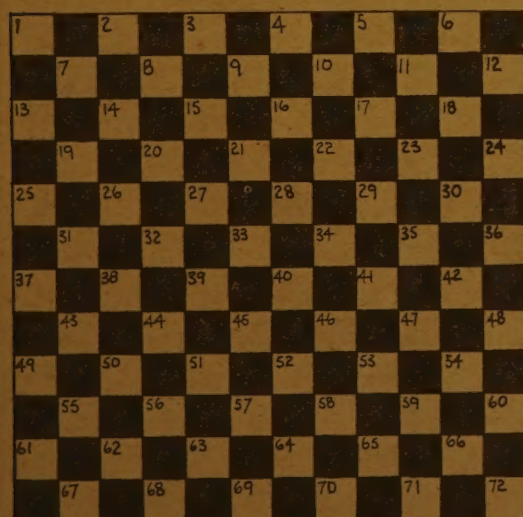
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The numbered squares occupied by the first and last letters of each light are given. The intermediate letters in each light are to be entered in numbered squares following each other, after the first, in a series of either King's or Castle's (Rook's) moves; the type of moves being indicated by the letter before each clue, i.e. K = King, R = Castle.

The number of letters in each light is given, as usual, in brackets after the clue. Note that each numbered square in the diagram is used twice, and only twice, in the solution.



For non-chess-playing solvers a King can move in any direction but only one square at a time; a Castle can move to a new position either horizontally or vertically over any number of squares.

## CLUES

- K. 1-26. An untidy abode (5).  
 K. 3-7. Plant found in the Rand (4).  
 K. 10-20. Leash to clasp round the neck (5).  
 K. 24-6. Woollen cloth from Suffolk (6).  
 K. 28-51. These rainless wastes are the places to find a caravansary (5).  
 K. 29-11. Die loaded at the corner in S.W. London (6).  
 K. 32-21. Lose half the tulips and get the bird (3).  
 K. 43-56. Twill for overalls—I mend tears (5).  
 K. 47-30. This building is firmly established (6).  
 K. 50-31. Deprive a catarrhine monkey of his two loves and he will go astray (6).  
 K. 56-65. Wild European cherry knocked about by a sexton's spade in Hamlet (6).  
 K. 66-41. Make a note about us for the tournament (5).  
 K. 68-61. Ground-ivy in the glen (4).  
 R. 2-13. The pain that goes with ruin (4).  
 R. 8-12. A part-song, off the right line (5).  
 R. 15-64. Goddess of Destruction is back at the beginning (4).  
 R. 25-50. Dog as pig for a bird (8).  
 R. 29-54. Where fuel goes when burned (4).  
 R. 31-11. Concerning singular relief to the poor, see royal jurisdiction (5).  
 R. 34-57. Lock the French units of land measure up (4).  
 R. 42-3. The freshman began with a letter different (5).  
 R. 45-48. Moistened hemp from impure tow (3).  
 R. 52-4. Communist admiral or London beauty? (7).  
 R. 58-48. Type of apple—varied uses can be made of the middle (6).  
 R. 61-13. Vegetable from Staffs (4).

- R. 65-6. 'My salad —s, when I was green in judgment . . . ' (3).  
 R. 69-32. Bizet disturbed by a civet (5).  
 R. 70-36. Take by force one of the things to mind in the ground (5).  
 R. 71-55. Ginger-cake of which the relations take half (6).

## Solution of No. 1,240

T	I	L	L	I	C	I	S	T	D	E	I	R	N
C	E	A	L	D	A	M	A	N	S	E	T	U	
A	V	R	E	D	M	N	I	A	O	N	E	I	
C	R	E	W	S	S	C	N	E	M	M	P	L	
O	F	C	A	H	K	E	I	N	D	R	A	I	
P	O	N	T	A	I	E	N	I	E	L	N	T	
P	A	C	S	E	D	C	E	C	R	U	S	E	
E	T	E	M	O	R	S	H	A	M	E	S	R	
S	H	E	S	A	E	O	W	M	E	R	A		
R	C	E	H	O	N	R	S	I	A	B	E	L	
I	H	L	A	R	A	U	M	G	O	Y	W	L	
L	E	A	P	D	A	T	T	E	R	E	T	O	
S	L	S	E	L	L	H	O	U	N	D	S	H	

## NOTES

Across: 1. Still-I-side, 12. Ace-Ida-ma, 13. (S)uns t, 11. Vane(usc), 15. Anag. of nomina, 19. Anag. of Rain (eod. 20. Io-ni-a, 22. Anag. of Tenniel, 25. S-pac-ed, 28. S a-ruse, 29. Or in metres, 30. Sham-e, 32. Cricket, 33. Woom-er-a, 37. Is-Abel, 39. Alar-Um(brian), 40. Yowl(ey), 41. Hidden, 42. Anag. of retatted.

Down: 2. Hidden, 3. Duke of Clarence, 4. Anag. of had Dis, 5. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat, 6. As-I-Nine (Muses), 7. Edna Best, 8. Meso-derm, 9. Sound of mean, 11. U-nil it-eral, 17. Scop(e)-prils, 21. Miss-hap-E(am)er, 22. Sec(ond), 26. Hatch-el, 27. Adr-lane rev, 31. Wa-I-ge-u(s), 33. R-o-uth (love = o), 34. T-r-ews, 35. Lcas(es).

Quotation in diagonals from W. Stebbing, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, ch. xxx

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss G. Cowan (London, N.W.8); 2nd prize: P. J. Scott (Reading); 3rd prize: W. S. Holdsworth (Halifax)

CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcas ing House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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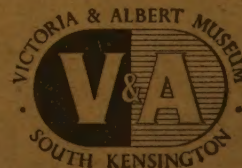
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